

Sports Illustrated

JUNE 15, 1964

30 CENTS

THE U.S. OPEN

Toughest One to Win



ARNOLD PALMER



Next week, a couple of old frie



Wiffy Cox will be there. Everybody knows Wiffy. He's the home pro at the Congressional Country Club, and a 12-time veteran of U. S. Open competition.

And naturally, Canadian Club, a champion itself, will be on hand. At the Congressional Country Club—or wherever you play around the world—you'll find Canadian Club very much the favorite.

Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch and the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like Canadian Club. You can stay with it all evening long—in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after. You owe it to yourself to start enjoying Canadian Club—the world's lightest whisky—this very evening.

nds will be waiting to greet the



Canadian Club

EACH WEEK SI REACHES 8,485,000 READERS (more readers per copy than any of the 37 magazines included in the 1964 Simmons Study except one) **LIVING IN 4,297,000 HOMES** (more households per copy than all but two magazines in the Study). **5,852,000 OF THESE READERS ARE ADULTS** (more adult readers per copy than all but three). **THESE ADULT READERS INCLUDE 4,923,000 ADULT MALES** (more adult male readers per copy than all but Business Week).

memo

TO ADVERTISERS

FROM STEPHEN E. KELLY

JUNE 15, 1964

The facts above represent some of the major dimensions of the SI market, as they are to be gleaned from the second annual "Simmons Study", recently released.

More formally known as "Selective Markets and The Media Reaching Them," the precedent-setting Simmons Study has become a milestone in the history of media research. It provides information on media never before available.

Before the first Simmons Study appeared, in spring 1963, advertisers and agencies had had figures on the total numbers of people who watched TV programs and listened to radio programs, but they had little information on how many people read various magazines, particularly the selective magazines.

The Simmons Study now gives reasonably precise estimates of two basic dimensions of magazine audiences which have much to do with the efficiency of your sales effort: quantity and quality.

Quantity means the total number of readers which an advertiser can expect to reach in an average issue of a magazine.

Quality defines this quantity by such precise yardsticks as income, education, Index of Social Position, corporate officers and other selective benchmarks that differentiate *buyers* from *people*.

The Simmons Study also provides this year audience figures for TV network programs as well as total audience figures for selective magazines. It thus

Note: These "Memo to Advertisers" pages appear only in the copies of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* that go to our friends in the advertising business





creates an opportunity for fascinating inter-media comparisons between selective magazine audiences and television audiences (look for such in an imminent Memo).

In addition, Simmons includes marketing information available to all sponsors that extends from such indicators as property insurance and stock ownership to last week's liquor bill and the number of families who buy a new car every year. (The 1964 marketing figures should be available by the time you read this.)

The Simmons Study provides data like this for 37 magazines, and we'd like here to demonstrate a few comparisons it makes possible, using just the socio-demographic material already issued.

For instance, one arbitrary way you can distinguish among America's advertisers is to separate them into two broad groups: CONSUMER advertisers and CORPORATE advertisers—those who address people as *consumers*, and those who address *businessmen* as *businessmen*. We think the new Simmons facts show that SI performs excellently in reaching audiences for *both* types of advertising.

Take SI, first, as a medium for corporate advertising (for "corporate" read "industrial" or "institutional" or "business" advertising). Three long-established vehicles for this kind of advertising are the newsweeklies: *Time*, *Newsweek* and *U.S. News*. How does the audience of SI—a newsweekly itself—stack up alongside the audiences of these other magazines in reaching what Simmons classifies as "Professional-Manual" people? (The term "professional-manual" is an important but sometimes misleading yardstick to use. Its best application is perhaps in its accuracy in describing the kinds of families you would expect to find in Bloomfield Hills, Darien, San Mateo and Winnetka, where doctors, dentists, lawyers, and architects, and managers of American industry make up the core of the community population.)

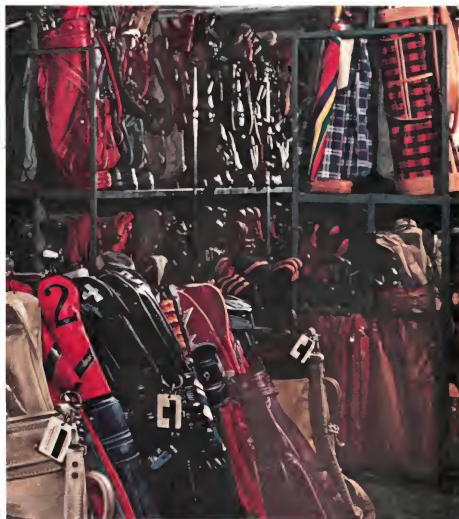
**Average Issue Professional-Manual Audience
By Individual Employment Income
\$10,000 & Over**

In its ability to reach the \$10,000 and over Professional-Manual audience, SI leads the other newsweeklies in per-copy readership, and is second among them in cost per thousand.

(continued on back flap of this insert)

	U. S. Total 5,031		
	Number (000)	Number Per 100 Copies	C/M
SI	848	81	8.49
U. S. News	950	76	7.84
Newsweek	1,030	65	8.98
Time	1,707	58	9.45

new National Open Champion



HENRI GUYER & SONS LIMITED
DANFORTHVILLE, CANADA

"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands



HTH keeps it as safe as drinking water.

The water your child splashes around and dunks in ought to be kept as germ-free as a freshly drawn bath; as safe as a cool glass of drinking water.

And the Chemicals Division of Olin developed HTH to do just that.

HTH dry chlorine is concentrated, so

it doesn't take up much storage space.

As soon as it hits the water, HTH works at full strength. In minutes, your pool is as pure as tap water.

That's why even the professionals use it to take care of the big pools.

HTH is so reliable at this job, many

cities and towns keep it on hand for emergencies. If their regular chlorinating equipment breaks down, HTH protects the cities' drinking water.

A lot of people have come to depend upon HTH.

You can too.

 **lin**
ALL OLIN APPLIED CHEMICALS ARE MADE IN THE U.S.A.

Contents

JUNE 15, 1964 Volume 20 No. 24

Cover painting by Benno Pezsa

22 Scramble in the National League

Exciting pennant races have become a popular tradition in the NL, and this year's looks like one of the best

28 Fast Crowd at the Tape

A parcel of four-minute miles and two remarkable distance men harled a challenger to the world at Caumont

30 Taken for a Virginia Reel

Northern Dancer danced the Belvoir's steps too slowly, and Virginia's Quadrangle shattered his Triple Crown

The U.S. Open: A Preview

32 *A portfolio of paintings shows why it is so tough*

38 *Wates and length seem trouble on this year's course*

43 *A famous poet asks an infamous question about golf on TV*

78 *How Congressional got ready—from dogs to perfume*

44 Emperor in Harness

Parloring a 100-horse stable with horse spine, a gentle shaman named Billy Houghdon over 51 million a year

58 Grabbling for Mississippi Cats

In the spring, spawning Mississippi catfish gather in hot-lun lago, and Mississippians gather to grabble

The departments

14 Scorecard

57 People

58 Fishing

66 Bridge

69 Horse Shows

74 Boating

95 Baseball's Week

96 For the Record

97 19th Hole



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As listed elsewhere on page 96

Next week

A WINTER CHAMPION. Tom O'Hara ran record miles indoors. Outdoors now, he is suffering the doubts of all gifted runners vying for the Olympics. A report by John Underwood.

THE BUSIEST BODY in tennis is that of Gladys Heldman, the energetic publisher and editor of *World Tennis*. Barbara La Fontaine visits her and some other title-holding Heldmans.

BAD MAPS and brave women helped get the U.S. started on one of its most popular sports—rowing—some 70 years ago. Robert Cantwell tells a gritty tale of sand, gasoline and tears.

ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST FASHIONABLE TONICS



ENJOY 5 DAYS OF FUN AND RELAXATION SAILING TO EUROPE ON THE WORLD'S FASTEST SHIP



Mr. and Mrs. C. Kenneth Baster, of Bryn Mawr, Pa. and Palm Beach, Fla. enjoy life on s.s. United States.



Mrs. Sally Victor, leading American hat designer, sails to Europe twice a year with United States Lines.



Mr. and Mrs. Max E. Kruger travel regularly aboard the United States. They reside in the Virgin Islands.



International bridge expert Howard Schenck enjoys the comfort and friendliness of the public salons.

A voyage to Europe on the s.s. United States or s.s. America is one of the purest forms of relaxation left on earth. You sleep till you happen to waken. Perhaps then you may wish to breakfast in your cabin, take a few turns around the promenade deck (6 laps to the mile), enjoy a game or a swim. The bracing salt air may even encourage you to work out in the gym.

Then what is your pleasure? One of the world's finest restaurants awaits you. There is a tasteful

theater aboard... dancing every night in an intimate, softly lit ballroom... and parties which are among the season's smartest affairs. The list of those present reads like a worldwide social register.

Is it any wonder you arrive in Europe feeling as if you'd spent a month in the country?

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT. Fares are lowest in Thrift Season with added 10% reduction on round trips, even if one way is by air. Excursion fares, group rates offer greater savings.

LUXURY AND COMFORT WITH UTMOST SAFETY

S.S. UNITED STATES
S.S. AMERICA

UNITED STATES LINES





*Our first anniversary
Married one week. Skål!*



*Snowed in. Nothing but steak
and Carlsberg. Skål!*



*First place!
Bring on Goren. Skål!*



*Our very own sailboat.
Christen it with Carlsberg. Skål!*



Twins! A boy for you, a girl for me. Skål!

Carlsberg—the celebrated beer of Copenhagen

Whatever the celebration—big or little—Carlsberg helps.

That's because Carlsberg is an extraordinary beer; a mellow, flavorful beer. Part of its secret is in the brewing. Carlsberg is slow-brewed for a minimum of solids and a lighter-brighter flavor.

It takes at least four months to create Carlsberg. That's longer than it takes to make most of the beers you used to drink—before you tried Carlsberg.

Carlsberg is especially appropriate for celebrations now, in its graceful new sculptured bottle. Ask for it at good hotels, restaurants and fine stores in 159 countries and at the New York World's Fair. Insist on Carlsberg—the glorious beer of Copenhagen. Each time you drink it—it's a celebration.



IMPORTED BY THE ROYAL DANISH COURT, THE ROYAL SWEDISH COURT, THE ROYAL GREEN COURT • Brewed and bottling by the Carlsberg Breweries, Copenhagen, Denmark • Carlsberg ApS, Inc. 100 E. 40th St. New York, N.Y. 10018

TENNIS EVENTS

USLTA tournaments through July 6

JUNE 11 Southwestern Junior Championships (all ages, boys and girls), Phoenix (through June 14); Southwestern Men's Open (10-14), Rock County Club, Ark. (through June 14)

JUNE 12 Sears Cup Matches, West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, N.Y. (also June 13)

JUNE 13 New England Championships, Newton South and Tennis Club, Newton, Mass. (through June 21); New Jersey State Championships, East Orange Tennis Club, East Orange, N.J. (through June 21); Ann, Carrington Memorial (girls 18-), Westfield Tennis Club, Westfield, N.J. (also June 14, 20, 21); Vancouver and District Championships, Jericho Tennis Club, Vancouver, B.C. (through June 20)

JUNE 15 National Intercollegiate Championships, Michigan State University, East Lansing, Mich. (through June 20); Westchester County Senior Championships, Westchester County Dept. of Recreation, Coxsack, Tenn. Club, Scarsdale, N.Y. (through June 21); Essex County Championships (junior), Maplewood Country Club, Maplewood, N.J. (through June 19)

JUNE 16 John Parker Composite Memorial (junior), Westchester residents only, Fox Meadow Tennis Club, Scarsdale, N.Y. (through June 20); Middle States Girls' Grass Court Championships, Merion Country Club, Havertown, Pa. (through June 20); Texas Sectional Open Championships, H. I. Butt Tennis Center, Corpus Christi, Texas (through June 21); Southern Championships, Ohio Providence Racquet and Swim Club, Charlotte, N.C. (through June 21)

JUNE 17 Philadelphia and District Junior and Girls' Championships, Lake Huron Tennis Club, Erie, Pa. (through June 24)

JUNE 18 New England Public Parks Championships, Fairview Park Tennis Club, Hartford, Conn. (through June 21); 17th Annual Junior and Boys Invitational, Princeton Club, Scotchdale, N.Y. (through June 21)

JUNE 19 Eastern Junior and Seniors Open Championships, Rockaway Harling Club, Cudahy, N.Y. (through June 21); Middle Atlantic Senior Men's Championships, Glenside Racquet Country Club, Roseland, Va. (through June 21)

JUNE 20 Eastern City Open Men's Championships, Ontario Field Club, Hackensack, N.J. (through June 24); Paul Martin Memorial Invitational, Westchester County Tennis League, Otisville Beach Club, Monticello, N.Y. (also June 21, 27, 28); Marsh Cup Matches, Brookland Club, Toronto, Ont. (also June 21); Brewster Cup Matches, Carleton Place Cricket Club, Philadelphia

JUNE 22 Southern Girls' Championships, Chattanooga Tennis Club, Chattanooga (through June 27); USLTA Intercollegiate Championships (singles and doubles), Williams College, Williamstown, Mass. (through June 27); Southern California Junior Boys' and Girls' Sectional Championships, Los Angeles (through June 28); Rose LaBelle Memorial Tournament, New York Tennis Club, New York City (through June 27); Invitational Tournament, Lake Mohonk Tennis Club, New Paltz, N.Y. (through June 28); Brooklyn Junior Chamber of Commerce Championships (singles), Brooklyn (through June 28)

JUNE 23 Southern Girls' Championships, Chattanooga Tennis Club, Chattanooga (through June 27); USLTA Intercollegiate Championships (singles and doubles), Williams College, Williamstown, Mass. (through June 27); Southern California Junior Boys' and Girls' Sectional Championships, Los Angeles (through June 28); Rose LaBelle Memorial Tournament, New York Tennis Club, New York City (through June 27); Invitational Tournament, Lake Mohonk Tennis Club, New Paltz, N.Y. (through June 28); Brooklyn Junior Chamber of Commerce Championships (singles), Brooklyn (through June 28)

JUNE 24 Southern Girls' Championships, Chattanooga Tennis Club, Chattanooga (through June 27); USLTA Intercollegiate Championships (singles and doubles), Williams College, Williamstown, Mass. (through June 27); Southern California Junior Boys' and Girls' Sectional Championships, Los Angeles (through June 28); Rose LaBelle Memorial Tournament, New York Tennis Club, New York City (through June 27); Invitational Tournament, Lake Mohonk Tennis Club, New Paltz, N.Y. (through June 28); Brooklyn Junior Chamber of Commerce Championships (singles), Brooklyn (through June 28)

JUNE 25 Southern Girls' Championships, Chattanooga Tennis Club, Chattanooga (through June 27); USLTA Intercollegiate Championships (singles and doubles), Williams College, Williamstown, Mass. (through June 27); Southern California Junior Boys' and Girls' Sectional Championships, Los Angeles (through June 28); Rose LaBelle Memorial Tournament, New York Tennis Club, New York City (through June 27); Invitational Tournament, Lake Mohonk Tennis Club, New Paltz, N.Y. (through June 28); Brooklyn Junior Chamber of Commerce Championships (singles), Brooklyn (through June 28)

JUNE 26 Southern Girls' Championships, Chattanooga Tennis Club, Chattanooga (through June 27); USLTA Intercollegiate Championships (singles and doubles), Williams College, Williamstown, Mass. (through June 27); Southern California Junior Boys' and Girls' Sectional Championships, Los Angeles (through June 28); Rose LaBelle Memorial Tournament, New York Tennis Club, New York City (through June 27); Invitational Tournament, Lake Mohonk Tennis Club, New Paltz, N.Y. (through June 28); Brooklyn Junior Chamber of Commerce Championships (singles), Brooklyn (through June 28)

JUNE 27 Southern Girls' Championships, Chattanooga Tennis Club, Chattanooga (through June 27); USLTA Intercollegiate Championships (singles and doubles), Williams College, Williamstown, Mass. (through June 27); Southern California Junior Boys' and Girls' Sectional Championships, Los Angeles (through June 28); Rose LaBelle Memorial Tournament, New York Tennis Club, New York City (through June 27); Invitational Tournament, Lake Mohonk Tennis Club, New Paltz, N.Y. (through June 28); Brooklyn Junior Chamber of Commerce Championships (singles), Brooklyn (through June 28)

JUNE 28 Southern Girls' Championships, Chattanooga Tennis Club, Chattanooga (through June 27); USLTA Intercollegiate Championships (singles and doubles), Williams College, Williamstown, Mass. (through June 27); Southern California Junior Boys' and Girls' Sectional Championships, Los Angeles (through June 28); Rose LaBelle Memorial Tournament, New York Tennis Club, New York City (through June 27); Invitational Tournament, Lake Mohonk Tennis Club, New Paltz, N.Y. (through June 28); Brooklyn Junior Chamber of Commerce Championships (singles), Brooklyn (through June 28)

FM Transistorized

Toshiba's Trans-8 weighs only 11 oz., gives perfect reception FM and AM with 8 transistors, 5 diodes. Operates on a single battery you can buy anywhere.

Only \$36.95



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Nice place to visit . . . but you wouldn't

Fair warning: don't! Touring the dazzling New York World's Fair will be tiring enough . . . without frazzling yourself on the way. Fly Allegheny Airlines. Have more time and energy

to enjoy when you get there . . . and a relaxing ride all the way home. It's the same convenient service beloved by Allegheny air commuters in 12 busy states. So forget traffic



want to drive there

care and have hours to spare. Dollars, too. . . with our special-rate tours for World's Fairgoers. Reservations? The sooner, the wiser. Call your travel agent or Allegheny now.

ALLEGHENY AIRLINES
YOUR FLIGHT GATE TO THE WORLD'S FAIR



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as long as you're up
get me a Grant's



The light and legendary 8-year-old blended Scotch Whisky. Bottled in Scotland. 86 proof. Imported to the U.S. by Austin Nichols & Co., Inc., N.Y. ©1984



JUST BRING ENTHUSIASM



Prince Edward Island CANADA

has everything else! Including gala centennial celebrations of the 1864 Confederation Conference in Charlottetown, birthplace of the Canadian nation. Flashing sulkies, pounding down to the wire (pari-mutuel betting at Charlottetown and Summerside race tracks). The warmest salt water north of Florida. Charlottetown's Old Home Week (August 17-22). Picturesque fishing harbours and the cry of seagulls. The family fun of a deep-sea fishing excursion. Picnics by the sea. Attractive handicrafts. Highland Games at Eldon (August 5). Yachting in sheltered bays. An average summer temperature of 72 degrees. Sleeping under the stars in national and provincial campsites. Deluxe resorts serving fresh farm produce. Car ferries from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia 23 times a day. Just bring enthusiasm. P.E.I. does the rest!

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Charlottetown, P.E.I., Canada
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TAKE THE NEWS IN YOUR STRIDE

Any time the newscasters are at their mikes, they can reach your private ear via STANDARD's Transistor Eight. Smaller than the palm of your hand. Tucks into a vest pocket. Yet this micro-miniaturized precision instrument brings in distant stations clear and strong. Walking along the street, in a bus, at a party . . . you're always in touch with the news. When important events occur, you are within hearing distance. (Or when you need a gift for Dad or Grand, here it is!)



SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE. The STANDARD Transistor Eight Micronic Ruby, Model SR-14437. Has true super heterodyne circuitry. Its 30 semi-conductors even include one diode. Automatic gain control. Weighs only four and one fifth ounces. Comes complete with chain and fob. External antenna cord for optional stepped up volume. Standard earphone for private listening. 2 long life mercury batteries. Jewel case. At reputable stores, \$39.95.

WORLD'S TINIEST PORTABLE. Companion model. The original Micronic Ruby 7 transistors. Model SR-6430. Get a demonstration. Only \$29.95. All STANDARD radios carry a written warranty.

STANDARD RADIO CORP.

410 East 62nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10021

TENNIS EVENTS

School, Brooklyn (through June 24), Scarsdale Invitational Championships (patrons), Suffern, N.Y. (through June 25), New Jersey State Championships (12 and 14 singles and doubles), Carle Brook Country Club, Millburn, N.J. (through June 26), New Jersey State Championships (junior and 16 singles and doubles), Bozco Hall Club, Summit, N.J. (through June 27).

JUNE 28 New Jersey State Championships (girls 18, 16, 14 singles and doubles), Racquet Club of Short Hills, Short Hills, N.J. (through June 28).

JUNE 28 USLTA Women's Collegiate Championships, University of North Carolina, Greensboro, N.C. (through June 28).

JUNE 28 Invitational (seniors), Rocky Point Tennis Association, Inlet, N.Y. (through June 28).

JUNE 28 Eastern Father and Son Clay Court Championships, Elizabeth Town and Country Club, Elizabeth, N.J. (through June 28).

JUNE 28 USLTA Senior and Father and Son Clay Court Championships, Coney Island Club, Coney Island, Pa. (through July 5), invitational tournament (girls 18 singles and doubles), Ardley Country Club, Ardley-on-Broad, N.Y. (through July 1).

JUNE 28 In-State Tournament, Cincinnati Tennis Club, Cincinnati (through July 5), USLTA Junior Hand Court Championships, Peninsula Tennis Club, San Francisco (through July 5), New York State Championships (seniors) singles and doubles, North Shore Tennis and Racquet Club, Bayville, N.Y. (through July 5), New York State Championships (junior, 16 and 14 singles and doubles), Utna Tennis Club and Hamilton College, Clinton, N.Y. (through July 1), Nassau-Suffolk Championships (junior, 16 and 14 singles and doubles), North Shore Country Club, Glen Head, N.Y. (through July 5).

JUNE 30 Middle Atlantic Men's Championships, Edgemont Club, Bethesda, Md. (through July 5).

JULY 1 Middle Atlantic Boys' and Junior's Championships, Salisbury, Md. (through July 4).

JULY 3 Central New York Invitational (men's singles and doubles), Sidgwick Tennis Tennis Club, Syracuse, N.Y. (through July 5), Paul Martin Memorial Invitational (men's singles), Westchester County Tennis League members, Bronxville Field Club, Bronxville, N.Y. (through July 11), New York State Father and Son Championships (doubles), Powelton Club, Newburgh, N.Y. (through July 6).

JULY 4 La Jolla Tennis Club Tournament, La Jolla, Calif. (through July 12).

JULY 6 Middle Atlantic Girls' Championships (12 to 18), Country Club of Virginia, Richmond (through July 10), Southern Girls' Championships (closed), Knoxville Racquet Club, Knoxville, Ky. (through July 12), Eastern Cla-Craft Championships (seniors), Grouta Beach Club, Manhattan, N.Y. (through July 11), Western Championships, Woodstock Club, Indianapolis (through July 12), Westchester Invitational (seniors), New Rochelle Tennis Club, New Rochelle, N.Y. (through July 12), invitational tournament (juniors, 16 and 14 singles), Arlington Players Club, Acorns, N.J. (through July 11), New York State Championships (girls 18, 16, 14), County Tennis Club, Scarsdale, N.Y. (through July 10).

END

1913. The winner of the U.S. Open was Johnny Goodman, the last amateur to win this major tournament. New England Life was then in its 99th year.



Were you born in 1933?

See—in figures below—how you can accumulate thousands more than you pay for New England Life insurance

Our picture of Johnny Goodman is a look at the past. But our message looks ahead to your future—a future in which cash-value life insurance can work for you in two important ways.

The same New England Life policy you use to protect your family can also give you thousands of dollars more than you pay in—even when your dividends are assigned to increase family protection.

Say you buy a \$20,000 policy now.

Then assume you use the dividends to add protection automatically through the years. (For illustration we'll apply our current dividend scale, although these scales do change from time to time.) The cash value of your policy at age 65 is \$20,682. But premium payments total only \$13,844. So all the dollars you put in and \$6,838 more can be yours at retirement. At the same time, the policy's protection value has risen from \$20,000 to \$32,311!

Here's what to do right now, whatever year you were born. Write for more complete information and tell us your birthday. We'll reply by mail and include our new DIAL-A-YEAR, which gives insurance figures plus events and personalities from 1920 through 1939. Write Dept. 4S, 501 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02117.

NEW ENGLAND LIFE

If you have a complaint, call the president of Avis. His number is CH 8-9150.



If he doesn't answer after 3 rings, try later.

There isn't a single secretary to protect him. He answers the phone himself.

He's a nut about keeping in touch. He believes it's one of the big advantages of a small company.

You know who is responsible for what. There's nobody to pass the buck to.

One of the frustrations of complaining to a big company is finding someone to blame.

Well, our president feels responsible for the whole kit and caboodle. He has us working like crazy to keep our super-torque Fords super. But he knows there will be an occasional dirty ashtray or temperamental wiper.

If you find one, call our president collect.

He won't be thrilled to hear from you, but he'll get you some action.



"Our sales costs go up faster than our volume"

Idea: Handle repeat sales by Long Distance

A prime example: Rolled Steel Corporation, Skokie, Ill. This firm, a major service center for galvanized steel, has increased sales 40 percent in the last five years—entirely by telephone.

By Long Distance, each salesman calls 20 to 25 customers a day. While selling, the salesmen also advise customers of price changes, special deals and attempt to increase the size of the order.

Today, the annual sales of Rolled Steel stand at \$10 million. And the firm's telephone selling costs are just one percent of sales.

Our communications consultant will be happy to show you the many ways Long Distance can help improve your business. Just ask your Bell Telephone Business Office to have him get in touch with you.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Talk things over, get things done...by Long Distance!

"anything you can do,
I can do better"



"I can do anything
better than you!"

"can you climb
a hill?"



"65% grade"

"go off the road?"



"anywhere! and
with a load too."

"go in snow?"



"up to my bumpers!"

"got
4-wheel drive?"



"sure as you're alive! I've got
4-wheel Drivepower[®]—the easiest work-
ing, quietest running 4-wheel drive
system ever, more usable cargo area
than any other wagon in my class, and
America's only automotive overhead
cam engine, the high torque Tornado-
OH C. Plus I got optional independent
front suspension, power steering, pow-
er brakes, automatic transmission and
a real passenger car ride. I also got —"

"oh"



Discover 4-wheel "DRIVEPOWER"[®]

ALL NEW JEEP[®] WAGONEER

[®] "Drivepower" is Wagoneer's new, improved and exclusive 4-wheel drive system.

KAISER Jeep CORPORATION Toledo 1, Ohio

See Jeep[®] vehicles in action in "THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH" every Tuesday night, ABC-TV Network.



Status symbol

If you're a weekday golfer, chances are you're a successful man. But has success brought you all the rewards you have earned? Are you getting... and keeping... enough?

That's where the Prudential "pro" comes in. Working with your lawyer and your accountant, Prudential's professional insurance agent can turn your personal

insurance program into a makes-sense, makes-money proposition.

One that is custom-built to your complex family and business needs, to your total financial picture.

Put the special talents of the Prudential "pro" to work for you. You need 'em... and you deserve 'em.

The Prudential Insurance Company of America



Tired of stoop and squeeze?

You're right to be fed up with low-bend entrances and too-snug seating. That's why Rambler is big inside—and is trim outside—with curved-glass side windows which permit doors to curve into the roof for easy entry and exit.



Straitjacket seats?

Why sit stiff and straight for hours on end on a seat that gives you a walled-in feeling? Unwind and stretch out in Rambler's reclining seats. They're low-cost options; can be had with headrests. And are so relaxing!



Why pay a luxury price for a "Plain Jane" car?



Luxury can carry a small price tag. For example, a Rambler with bucket seats, console and extra-comfort coil springs in seat cushions costs less than many cars that have ordinary seats and flat-wire-type springs.



Casual workmanship?

Jittery about peek-a-boo doors? Join the hundreds of thousands who go for Rambler because of its tight and solid body, snug door fit, freedom from rattles. (Each worker helps build each Rambler as if he were to own it himself!)

Rambler—No.1 in usefulness to the user

Here are solid values, like Advanced Unit Construction, with luxury matching anything on the road. You get it in a high-performance Ambassador V-8 at a popular price.



Rambler '64

AMERICAN • CLASSIC 6 or V-8 • AMBASSADOR V-8

Watch the Daily News Show on CBS-TV, 10:30-11:00 P.M., 12/7, Wednesday



1964 Rambler Ambassador 900-H hardtop. Reclining bucket seats, console, center armrests and 270-hp V-8 are standard.

New Shift-Command automatic floor shift, Adjust-O-Tilt steering wheel are optional. Insist on more in '64...go Rambler!



Why Fortrel?

Ask the fencing champion.

The one whose slacks display as much good form as the man himself.

Fortrel is the fiber that holds a press and keeps slacks looking flawless.

On long European tours.
Through reception after reception.
Relaxing after the meet.

Good reasons to look for Fortrel in all your clothing.

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2nd PRIZE: NEW 1964 RAMBLER CLASSIC SIX HARDTOP



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by Bill Jacoby

I was one of the last of the American six day bike riders. For 15 years as a professional I rode in Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg, Germany, Canada as well as every major race in the United States. I am now a design engineer and after 12 years work have perfected a bike-rider's bike that meets my professional standards.

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Just one of the tests made of this new design was 1000 jolting miles over rough railroad tracks and "impossible" terrain. The new Amflite took it. Take it from me—a pro and a bike fan—the new Amflite is it. Look for the Amflite—both men and ladies' models—at better stores everywhere.



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SCORECARD

REVERSION TO TYPE

In the old days, when prizefighting was illegal here and there, the laws were evaded by the use of barges as arenas. Fighting is quite legal these days in Florida, but some ambitious promoters feel hampered by the existence of boxing commissions, which have rules about proper matchmaking, physical examinations and other safeguards. Well, the barge, or a reasonable facsimile, is back, and many safeguards are out. A liner called the *Orange Sun* now puts out of Miami on Saturday nights, chugs beyond the three-mile limit and stands by while an evening's card of boxing is presented in a below-decks salon. The fighters punch it out in a 12-by-16-foot ring billed proudly as "the world's smallest." It is the sort of ring that encourages slugging and discourages footwork and other defensive subtleties of boxing. One recent passenger was Willie Pastrano, light heavyweight champion and a superb defensive boxer. "Boy," said Willie, "How'd you like to fight Sooty Liston in that ring?" No one said he would.

Customers are charged \$5 apiece for the Saturday-night trips, which begin at 9 o'clock and end about 3 a.m. For patrons who are not fight fans, there are other diversions: slot machines, blackjack, a crap table and, of course, a calypso band.

All of which seems to duck the law, so far as it exists in the state of Florida. But one wonders what would happen if, in a bout supervised only by what the promoters factitiously describe as "The High Seas Commission" (which is no commission at all), a fighter should be killed. Would it then become a federal case like a murder on the high seas?

SCULLY'S WAY AND ALLEN'S WAY

Some of the superstitions of baseball are amusing and some, like the injunction against mentioning the fact that a pitcher has a no-hitter going, are downright irritating, especially when observed by broadcasters. We have said it before (SI, May 13, 1963) and we say it again, because when Sandy Koufax had not

only a no-hitter but the third of his career on its way to history, it went unmentioned, except by coy insinuation, on some broadcasts. But not, praise be, on Vin Scully's report to Los Angeles Dodger fans. He has been steadfast in calling a no-hitter a no-hitter from the start of his announcing career.

"There are a lot of youngsters on our club that throw very hard," Scully said the other day. "It is not uncommon for one of them to have a no-hitter going through four, five or six innings. If I did not call them I would be talking nonsense most of the time. Why, the other night Koufax and his teammates were talking about the no-hitter during the game. Why shouldn't I?"

One of the old school, though, is Mel Allen. Just recently, during the broadcast of a Yankee game, Allen received the line score of the Mets-San Francisco game in which Jack Sanford was surrendering no hits. "In the seventh inning," Allen babbled, "Jack Sanford is pitching the type of game every pitcher dreams of having."

THE FISH WHO COME FOR DINNER

Naturalists are familiar with, and wary of, the dangers inherent in introducing a species of animal or even plant into a new habitat. The pestiferous nutria, brought into the U.S. from southern South America 65 years ago, today contaminates millions of acres. The water hyacinth, native of tropical America, chokes vast expanses of Florida's lakes and rivers and requires constant, expensive control. Now another South American intruder, the deadly piranha of the Amazon River basin, has become a potential menace. Florida naturalists, who say the piranha probably would thrive in that state's subtropical waters, are worried because piranhas turn up from time to time in Florida pet shops, though it is illegal to bring the fish into the state. They are sold to fish fanciers who want something more spectacular than guppies and goldfish in their home aquariums. But should some gentle aquarium owner, wanting to get rid of his pet pi-

ranhas and reluctant to kill them, ever dump a loving couple into a river the consequences could be most serious. A school of piranhas can reduce a swimmer to a skeleton in seconds.

Piranhas are easy to come by in the pet shops of New York, where they are not banned, and that seems to be where the Florida fish sellers get them. What is needed, most likely, is federal legislation banning piranhas from the entire United States. Who needs them?

A PLEA FOR EQUITY

The tough Southeastern Conference has recruited a remarkable number of supertall basketball players in recent seasons and this has set Jeff Beard, Auburn University's director of athletics, to thinking, sort of. After considerable intellectual travail, Beard has come up with a suggestion that we think is jim-dandy. He proposes that the NCAA permit colleges to recruit their basketball players by the linear foot—limiting each school to so many feet of players per year. This, he says, would be more equitable than charging each school with one recruitment for each player with a scholarship, regardless of his size. Under the Beard system, he points out solemnly, a school



would be permitted to recruit, say, 120 feet of basketball players. A coach might then choose to bring in 20 6-footers or, if he liked, 40 3-footers.

GLORY! GLORY!

Those exquisite moments of imaginary triumph that are essential to a normal boyhood have been depicted superbly by William Steig in a series of drawings he called *Dreams of Glory*. And now, it seems, they can come true. Tommy Wat-

continued



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Our Catalina 2+2 is both. Ease yourself into that cushy bucket seat. Grasp the custom steering wheel firmly. Lay a hand on the console-mounted shifter. Then leave. Abruptly. Our standard Trophy V-8 in a Catalina 2+2 puts out 283 hp coupled to a four-speed gearbox*; 267 hp with three-speed Hydra-Matic*. If neither's eudacious enough for you, we're ready with engines up to 370 hp*—depending on how eager you are to get where you're aimed. Catalina 2+2 comes as convertible or sports coupe, complete with Wide-Track and pure, sweet Pontiac style. Buckle one on, sometime, at your Pontiac dealer. **'64 WIDE-TRACK PONTIAC**

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We hope you will soon be visiting the New York World's Fair—and our exciting General Cigar Hall of Magic. But even before you do, you can start enjoying this most extraordinary cigar.

Here is a big cigar for the big moments and the big pleasures. A cigar that's the very essence of New York, and the great new Fair. Yet, the New Yorker's unique blend of case-aged tobacco gives you both mildness and flavor—flavor you don't have to inhale to enjoy.

We'd be pleased to have you compare the White Owl New Yorker with any cigar you can buy—particularly cigars costing two for 25¢ and up. You'll see, quickly, that this newest White Owl does full justice to its name—and to your smoking pleasure.

So come to the World's Fair. "Meet us under the smoke rings." But before you do, meet the White Owl New Yorker. It's at your cigar counter now, in striking new Royal Red and White boxes and five-packs.

son, a Kansas City 14-year-old, will assure you of that. During a recent round of golf at the Kansas City Country Club, Tom played his father, Ray Watson, one of Missouri's best amateurs, Jim Sallee, Tom's school golf coach, and Club Pro Stan Thursk, who was good enough to qualify for a sectional round of this year's National Open. When it was over Ray Watson had a 78, Sallee a 74, Thursk a 70, Tommy shot a three-under-par 67 and birdied the last two holes.

ROOM AT THE TOP

A cloud even smaller than a preteen-ager's bra looms on the sports fashion horizon. Currently exciting the swimsuit buyers is a topless bathing suit for women—the very one that Rudi Gernreich predicted in our Bold American issue (Dec. 24, 1962). Naturally, Gernreich is the designer, and the suit has aroused the interest of Neiman-Marcus in Dallas. At Saks Fifth Avenue a cool buyer said: "It's certainly a suit for the individual." From the Southampton Bath and Tennis Club: "I don't think we'd allow it."

SEA-LAWYER SQUADBLE

The rugged lifeboat and the dainty racing shell are vastly dissimilar vessels, but until the other day they had one thing in common. The crews who raced in either of them were assumed to be purely amateur. This was true of the crews on the Charles and the Thames and it was true of the seamen who annually, since 1927, except for World War II years, raced in lifeboats in New York Harbor, cheered by hundreds watching from pleasure craft and the shore. This year the lifeboat races were canceled and, unfortunately, charges of professionalism lay behind the cancellation.

Crews representing Standard Oil of New Jersey and the Norwegian Merchant Marine have dominated the race in recent years. Esso won the last two races, and the Norwegians took the event in the five previous years. This year only these two crews showed any interest in competing.

A spokesman for the disillusioned dropouts explained that "the race long ago ceased to be an amateur event, a race to show the prowess of the ordinary seamen taken from their ship and put into 2,600-pound lifeboats." The Norwegians and the Standard Oil people, he went on, kept crews ashore for extensive training and put rowing equipment on their ships for training at sea. Other merchant lines

continued



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This is the original, the granddaddy of them all. Often imitated but never equalled. The Jack Purcell—built for strenuous court play. Its specially designed, molded outsole gives exceptional traction on composition and hardwood. The exclusive P-F Posture Foundation RIGID WEDGE in the heel takes the strain off foot and leg muscles. The Hygeen® cushion insole

cushions your foot and does not absorb perspiration. It is as comfortable as your skin. Wear a pair. Your feet will tell you why the Jack Purcell is so often the choice of top players. And its classic lines and unique design have made it a favorite for casual wear. At better sporting goods stores, or

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SCORECARD *continued*

did not want to spend the money or time in port required to do that.

Loren F. Kahle of Standard Oil, chairman of the race committee for the past two years, said he thought the charges of professionalism were unfair. It strikes us that way, too. It is well-known that training a Harvard eight costs money and no one thinks of the Harvards as anything but simon-pure. Furthermore, well-trained lifeboat crews are an asset worth having, and the merchant lines could do worse than invest in them.

SPELLING BEE

Problems of orthography seldom occur in hunting, but they are about to, it seems, because of the New Mexico Game and Fish Commission's program of importing exotic game animals. The prospect arose last week when a Siberian ibex gave birth to twins.

What is the plural of ibex? New Mexico newspapers, holding that the plural of index is indices, have, with a certain logic, been calling the twins ibices. Webster permits ibexes, ibices and even ibex, in that order of preference. "The plural of ibex is ibexes," says Dr. Frank C. Hibben, professor and member of the commission.

We report, therefore, that the commission now has five ibexes, eight oryxes and eight orthographically uncomplicated kudus in the Albuquerque zoo. Under federal law none of these, except the ibex twins, can be released in the wilds, but their offspring can be. The ibex twins may be the first released for eventual public hunting of rare beasts in the semi-desert country of New Mexico.

SOMETHING IN A NAME

Few secrets of war or peace are better kept than the details of a bookmaker's book—even in Britain, where betting with bookies is legal. But the day before the recent Derby, Billy Hill, England's biggest turf commissioner, opened his future book to a reporter for *The Sporting Life*. It was the first time any outsider ever had been permitted such a view, and it revealed that Hill had excellent reason to root against Santa Claus, the favorite. At that time the book said that a Santa Claus win would cost Hill \$310,814. Santa Claus did win.

A common view of the bookmaking business holds that the bookies try to balance their bets and odds in such a fashion that they will emerge with a

continued

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Will he bat the ball like Stan the Man?

For 22 years, Stan Musial was the scourge of National League pitching. With his whip-lash swing, he racked up 3,630 hits for a lifetime average of .333. Three times he was the league's most valuable player, seven times its batting champ—and perennially one of the best-liked men to step on the diamond.

Not every youngster can be a Stan Musial. In fact, very few even participate in organized sporting events, much less become stars. But every young person—if only a spectator—can be as physically fit as the star athlete.

Our national leaders have stated that physical fitness, particularly the fitness of our young people, has never been more important than it is today. Stan Musial, director of the President's physical fitness program, couldn't agree more.

To support the fitness program, Equitable has prepared a special film: "Youth Physical Fitness—A Report to the Nation." If you would like to borrow a print of this film for showing to community groups, contact your nearest Equitable office or write to Equitable's home office.

For an attractive 7½ by 11 inch reproduction of this drawing, send your name and address and the words, Stan Musial, to: Equitable, G.P.O., Box 1826, New York, N.Y. 10001.

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SCORECARD *continued*

profit no matter what horse wins, and that they avoid disaster by laying off dubious bets with other bookmakers. Well, they do try, but Hill was handicapped by a number of factors. For one, as a matter of pride, he does not hedge bets but rather does a large business with bookies who lay off with him. For another, Hill's book was badly out of balance because there were so few nonrunners (scratch money goes to the bookie) and because no horse came in at the last moment from Ireland or France, as usually happens, thus leveling things up.

Finally, the favorite had a name, Santa Claus, that caught the public fancy—unlike Roquefeuil, whose name is unpronounceable to Englishmen, a fact that helped make him the least-backed horse in a field of 17. A total of only \$92,40 was bet on Roquefeuil and had he won, Hill would have profited by more than \$280,000. As it was, he stood to lose if any of seven horses out of 17 came in first. Santa Claus had been favored even in the future books and was the first winter favorite to win the Derby since Dante did in 1945.

"My book would have looked better if Santa Claus had been named Tom Jones," observed Hill.

CLEAN LINES

In a recent issue of the *Sunday Review* dedicated to "Design in America," Walter Dorwin Teague picked the 20 best industrial designs since World War II. In addition to such classics as an Olivetti Lettera 2 typewriter and an Eames chair, Teague picked eight items from the realm of sport: the Head ski, the Scott ski pole, a Honda motorcycle, a Porsche 904, two Russian target pistols, a Triton sloop and a Boston Whaler.

The high percentage of sports items, Teague explained, was because more design talent is applied to sports articles than to anything else. "Leisure-time equipment is much more important to us than the everyday furniture of our lives," he said. "This is why, perhaps, some business executives will spend considerably more time, thought and effort in improving their golf games than in improving the techniques of their businesses."

THEY SAID IT

• Willie Galtmore, Chicago Bears' half-back who has been timed in 9.6 for 100 yards: "When Sam Huff is chasing me, I can do 8.8."

END

WIN a golfing Vacation for Two in Scotland!

Score a HOLE-IN-ONE and

(OVER 15,000 U.S. GOLFERS DID LAST YEAR. COULD BE YOU IN '64!)

enter the Annual Old Smuggler Scotch Sweepstakes!



The world-famous course of Scotland's Royal and Ancient Club at St. Andrews, very cradle of modern golf—Edinburgh Castle—the banks and braes of Highland lochs—a visit to Dumbarton on the Leven, home of Old Smuggler Scotch—all these and many more thrills may await you, and your chosen companion, once you've scored your hole-in-one.

The makers of Old Smuggler Scotch have sponsored their Annual Hole-in-One Scotch Sweepstakes to encourage American followers of golf—Scotland's national game and its other favorite export! You could be the winning entrant in 1964. All it takes is luck.

So, just for luck, ask for Old Smuggler at the 19th hole—and drink a toast to the high road that may bring ye to Scotland almost before you know it!

And the Pro who enters the winning name gets \$1,000, too!

LAST YEAR'S WINNER Mr. John D. Van Veen, Jr. of Arlington Heights, Illinois scored at the Old Orchard Country Club in Prospect Heights, Illinois—and as a result, he will be playing St. Andrews in Scotland.

*Figures officially reported for calendar year, 1963.

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Here's all you do to win 2 round-trip flights to Scotland and \$1,000 apending money.

1. Score a hole-in-one in a regular round, on a qualified regulation course. (Course must be located in the United States, Bermuda or the Caribbean Islands.)
2. Have the professional at the course you played fill in the official entry card. Then you sign it, have him validate and mail it.

3. Contest starts January 1, 1964, closes midnight December 31, 1964.

4. Winner chosen by blindfold drawing within 30 days after close of sweepstakes and notified by mail.

5. Old Smuggler Sweepstakes subject to Federal, State and local regulations.

6. Ask your professional for full details. Or have him write: Old Smuggler Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 210, Mount Vernon, New York 10559.



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OLD SMUGGLER AND BUTTERFIELD SCOTCH
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A WILD SCRAMBLE IN

The National League is famous for its pecking races, and this looks like one of the best. Seven teams have led the league during the first two months of the season. No team has won more than five consecutive games, and only the World Champion Los Angeles Dodgers

have led more than four in a row. Even the Houston Colts, destined for the depths, have clung tenaciously to the pack. During the past month the Giants and the Phillies have set the pace, exchanging the league lead 16 times, while the Pirates, Cardinals, Reds and Braves

Fleeshy double plays such as the one being executed here against Dodgers by Shortstop



THE NATIONAL LEAGUE

have played close behind, waiting their turn to take over. "If you look at the teams in this league," says Phillies Manager Gene Merch, "you realize the rest of the season is going to be rough. Our club knows it is good, and it believes in itself." The Phils have seen

helped by spectacular play from rockers Richie Allen, Danny Carter and John Harris, plus superb pitching from Jim Bunning, the old Detroit Tiger. The Giants have been helped by poor performances by their array of powerful hitters, save for the remarkable Willie Mays,

who has earned the team. But it seems just a question of time before the explosion. Says Merch apprehensively: "The Giants are the only team in the league that can overcome their mistakes with hitting." Even so, the Giants will have to prove it to the rest of the league.

CONTINUED

Roberto Amaro of the Philadelphia Phils has enhanced strong pitching, while high- kicking Juan Marchal has helped to keep the Giants on top.



Second Basemen Pete Rose of Cincinnati flies through air after forcing out Gene Oliver of Milwaukee. Despite sporadic piling from what should be an excellent staff, the Reds have finally begun to move behind the hard hitting of three players who were dormant most of last season—Leo Cardenas, Gordy Coleman and Frank Robinson. Milwaukee's Warren Spahn is off to a typically slow start (4-4) and neither Eddie Mathews nor Henry Aaron is driving in many runs, but several of the young Brave pitchers and the versatile play of Joe Torre and Dennis Menke have helped take up the slack.





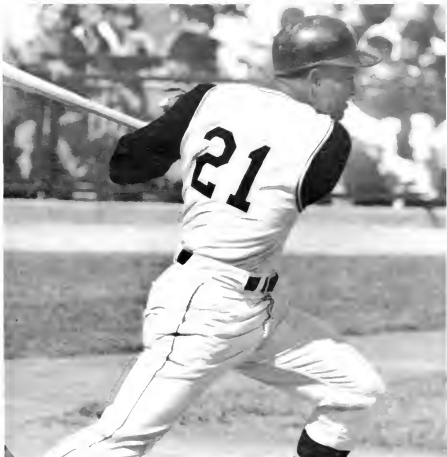
The 400 hitting of Chicago's Billy Williams is spinning Cub runners around the bases and keeping the team in contention. Ron Santo and a rejuvenated Ernie Banks are knocking in runs. St. Louis Third Baseman Ken Boyer (shown at left fielding in game against Cubs), young Tim Lincecum and Curt Flood are hitting consistently, but the Cardinal bullpen has been disappointing.


A bright spot in a dull season for the Los Angeles Dodgers was Sandy Koufax' untold no-hitter. Otherwise, 1968 Two-time Bunting Champion Tommy Davis, hitting .250, was benched. Frank Howard, with 14 home runs but a .215 average, found himself benched, too. Result: no runs at all to go along with the Dodgers' generally good pitching, and a struggle to keep the leaders in sight.

CONTINUED

Roberto Clemente of the surprising Pittsburgh Pirates is the leading hitter on what has turned out to be the best hitting team in the league. Clemente, who won the league batting championship in 1961, is—at .368—second only to Billy Williams of the Cubs. Backing Clemente are Willie Stargell and Gene Freese, who have been winning games with timely hits, but Pirate pitching has been nondescript and may look a lot worse when the streak cools off.

The New York Mets do not concern themselves with pennant races, but their fans could hardly care less. A sure sign, the Mets have, nonetheless, won one game 19-1 and played another to 23 innings. Last week they welcomed the Dodgers back to New York and gave them an 8-0 shellacking. Most amazing of all, the Mets have drawn nearly 650,000 people to Shea Stadium, more than twice as many as their rich neighbors, the New York Yankees.





WHAT-ME WORRY?
I'M A
MET FAN



Relaxed and enjoying his easy win, Dyrol Burleson floats across finish ahead of exhausted Tom O'Hara and six other sub-four-minute milers.

A VERY FAST CROWD AT THE TAPE

At California's Compton Invitational eight men and two high school youngsters came close to world records and thus hurled an exciting U.S. challenge at the finest middle- and long-distance racers **by GWILYM S. BROWN**

It has been exactly a decade since England's Roger Bannister flung himself across the finish line into near-unconsciousness, becoming the first ever to run a mile in under four minutes. Last week, fittingly enough, it was California that provided Bannister's historic moment with a suitably inspired celebration. At the Compton Invitational, no less than eight runners in the same race duplicated his feat. It was California's way of saying that the state was living up to its vaunted reputation as the major track center of the country. Led by spindly Dyrol Burleson (3:57.4), who—far

from losing consciousness at the finish—was glancing back over his shoulder to see what was keeping the others, the group thundered across the finish line like stampeding ostriches. The race resembled the most successful assault ever made on the four-minute mile. Trail-ing in eighth place at 3:59 was a lanky high school junior from Wichita, Kans., 17-year-old Jim Ryun. It was the first time that anyone of such tender age had run the mile faster than Bannister.

Remarkably, this theatrical display of U.S. miling strength-in-depth on Compton's fast, pale-pink clay track was over-

shadowed by another performance—one that brought the crowd of 7,800 to its feet. Their cheers were for Bob Schul and the event was the 5,000 meters, a race in which the U.S., until recently, has been notable only for its Olympic failures. Schul may put an end to the embarrassments of the past. His reputation in North America as a distance runner has been buried under those of Canada's Bruce Kidd, North Carolina's Jim Beatty and various other visiting dignitaries from Australia and New Zealand. He is, however, a distance runner with the speed to run a mile in close to four

minutes and the strength in work, work, work. He is 26 and, after four years in the Air Force, a junior at Miami of Ohio. For three years and four months he worked closely with distance-running coach Mihaly Igloi, the disciplinarian who helped bring Beatty to his peak.

"I think I'm mature enough now to work on my own," says Schul. "When I'm hurt I don't work out. When I was with Igloi and complained about an injury he thought I was dogging it. Now I'm getting the best of both systems."

Results prove his point. In the Compton 5,000-meter run he stayed back with the pack while the two youngsters, 20-year-old Kidd and 17-year-old Gerry Lindgren, the high school boy wonder from Spokane, flitted in and out of the lead like excitable foxhounds. Then, with three laps to go, Schul jumped to the front, pulling New Zealand's ancient Bob Baillie with him. Baillie appears to have no neck; his bony head, squashed between his hunched shoulders, gives him a furtive, relentless quality that could scare anyone running behind him. But Schul was in front, and he was suddenly flying away from Baillie. Coming out of the first turn of the last lap he got up on his toes and sprinted as if the tape were just 50 yards ahead of him. It was 3:00.

"I knew he wouldn't jump me on the turn," said Schul of Baillie, "because I could see his shadow. But when his shadow disappeared I thought, 'Let's get out of here.'" Schul raced the last quarter in 56 seconds and posted a time of 13:38, 21 seconds faster than he had ever gone the distance before. He had a U.S. record and was just three seconds off the world mark. Lindgren was six seconds back in fourth place.

For the mob of strong runners in the mile this was to be a critical race. Spring is turning into summer, and summer brings with it the National Collegiate and AAU championships, followed almost immediately by the Olympic trials. There is not much time to gain the physical and tactical sharpness that the mile demands in a major championship.

Burleson regarded the Compton mile as the final pre-AAU test. It would show how far nine months of extraordinary training had carried him. Over that period of time this country's premier miler,

who sells insurance in Eugene, Ore. during race moments away from the track, has logged close to 5,000 miles on the dead run. This represents a 40% stepup over any of his previous work programs. Despite his severe dedication to the pursuit of an Olympic gold medal, Burleson maintains an indolent, engaging sort of charm. He seemed confident, certainly of his physical condition, the morning of the race.

"This is going to be a difficult season for all of us," he said. "We must get sharp for the nationals and the first Olympic trials, stay sharp for the Russian dual meet in late July, then be sharp again in the fall for the second trials and the Games themselves. We must be sharp enough to make the team while on the other hand we mustn't burn ourselves out. I haven't had enough competition to tell me just how sharp I am. Tonight may tell me something."

One thing his opponents do not need to be told about Burleson is that he is a fierce, aggressive runner who likes only one thing more than a fast, tactical race and that is winning a fast, tactical race. His backlog of extremely hard training and his explosive speed have supplied him with a deep sense of confidence that is going to make him awfully hard to beat, at least on the national level. Tom O'Hara, who was 0 for 5 against his Oregon rival, considered these things as he prepared for his sixth attempt. He also counted on the Compton mile to tell him something, hopefully something wonderful. Two floors above Burleson in the same hotel he flacked his hand against an entry list that also included Jim Grelle (a dozen sub-four-minute miles), Cary Weisiger (eight sub-fours) and the University of Oregon's Archie San Romani Jr. (a best this year of 4:01.2).

"These are the guys I'm going to have to beat to make the Olympic team," he said. "It's important for me to find out where I stand and what I have to do."

O'Hara had been in Los Angeles all week, fogging himself through a series of stiff workouts on the University of Southern California track and in grassy Lafayette Park across the street from his hotel. "I've been working hard," he continued, "but I'm still learning my limitations and my capabilities. To beat Burle-

son I would like a fast pace, but I'm not going to set it myself. It's too hard on you mentally, you know? I'm hoping that Weisiger will set it."

Last year Weisiger, a tall, broad-shouldered graduate of Duke (class of '60) and the U.S. Marines ('63), set such a scorching pace over the last 600 yards that six runners, led by New Zealand's Peter Snell in 3:55, broke four minutes. That was an all-out gamble to beat Snell. This year he had a different plan—to "stay back and see what happens."

As most milers will explain, their race is really two races. One covers the first three quarters, the jockeying for position, the testing out of pace. The other is the wild sprint over the last quarter. At Compton on Friday night the field finished the first race bunched together like straphangers in the subway with Burleson and O'Hara jammed in the middle. The approximate time was a sluggish 3:02. Then the entire group came to life. They sprinted in a body down the back stretch. Suddenly Burleson burst out of the group, swung wide coming out of the last turn and, looking back over his right shoulder for O'Hara, led the flock across the finish line. It was a judge's and timer's nightmare, a blanket of 1.6 seconds covering the group of eight.

"I was surprised when O'Hara didn't come at me in the stretch," said Burleson, who considered the race much too easy to be a real test. In fact, he even enjoyed the pushing and jostling that went on throughout.

"I didn't have the zip I had indoors," said O'Hara, drained from his efforts. "Maybe I've been working too hard."

For Burleson the significance of the race lay in the fact that a high school junior ran 3:59. For Rynn's coach, Bob Timmons, there was confirmation of a privately held theory: trackmen can be trained as intensively as teen-age swimmers and perhaps some day break as many records.

"We should look to the swimmers for inspiration," he said.

Burleson and O'Hara and San Romani were not looking out for swimmers, necessarily, but at 7:30 the next morning they were out in Lafayette Park in their warm-up suits, going round and round. Any Olympic hopeful has to. **END**

TAKEN FOR A VIRGINIA REEL

by WHITNEY TOWER

The fancy stepping of Virginia-bred Quadrangle in the Belmont Stakes was too much for The Dancer, and Canada's Triple Crown dreams were dashed in 1964's biggest upset



Racing officials at New York's Aqueduct track polished up the fancy three-sided Triple Crown trophy last week and on Saturday lugged it ceremoniously through a light drizzle to a nook by the trackside winner's circle. The most fashionable crowd seen at any U.S. track—and one of the largest, with 61,215 paid admissions—stirred nervously in its supermarket surroundings, politely noticed the Canadian flag fluttering in the infield's wet wind and sat back to wait for New York's racing boss, James Cox Brady, to dish out the silverware in tribute to Northern Dancer, Owner E. P. Taylor, Trainer Horatio Luro and that eloquent master of the word, saddle and whip, William Hartack.

But, alas, neither the horse nor the trio which had steered the fine and courageous Canadian-bred 3-year-old ever made it to the winner's circle. The Triple Crown mug remained snug in its velvet wrapper—for at least another year—and late in the gray afternoon it was all but forgotten. Paul Mellon's Virginia-bred Quadrangle, fifth in the Kentucky Derby and fourth in the Preakness, smothered seven rivals to win the 96th Belmont by two lengths in the near track-record time of 2:28¹/₂ for the classic distance of a mile and a half. Hartack and Northern Dancer were lucky to finish third, six lengths behind the winner, four behind Roman Brother and just half a length in front of Hill Rise, their old rival from California.

Horses running a mile and a half for the first time in their young lives tend

to be uncertain propositions. E. P. Taylor thought Northern Dancer would run better in the Belmont than he had in winning the shorter classics in May. (Trainer Luro prophetically suggested, however, that the best distance for him might be no more than 1¹/₂ miles.) George Pope, owner of Hill Rise, said, "We figured to give our horse a little rest after the Preakness in order to have a fresh horse for the Belmont. So what happens? We bring in a fresh horse and the first two finishers are the only horses in the race who ran brilliantly just the week before. How are you going to figure this game anyway?"

True, Roman Brother had run brilliantly the previous week in winning the Jersey Derby. Many thought that because this tiny gelding, nicknamed Mighty Mouse by Trainer Burley Parke and Owner Lou Wolfson, had performed so honestly all season (the Belmont was his 12th start of the year) he might win; if he did not he would be precious close.

As for Quadrangle, he added a whole new set of factors to the equation. He, too, had run brilliantly in winning the Wood Memorial at Aqueduct in April. In the Derby he suffered slightly by being pinched back at the start. In the Preakness he suffered no difficulty of any kind and was soundly trounced. "I should have done more with him before that race," said Trainer Elliott Burch. "It won't happen again."

It didn't. Burch reminded himself of how, five years ago, he sharpened Sword Dancer's speed to win the Belmont by

running him against older horses in the one-mile Metropolitan.

Quadrangle was sent along the same route. The only 3-year-old in the Memorial Day Metropolitan, he ran a rousing second to Olden Times even though he loafed in the stretch. "I don't think it hurt him to go a mile against top sprinters," said Burch later. "It should help him keep his speed, and at last I think he can be rated over a real distance of ground. The Metropolitan also showed me he should run without blinkers." In the Belmont, Quadrangle raced unblinkered for the first time since March.

Five days before the Belmont, Burch was still pessimistic about starting in the last of the Triple Crown races. "This is a whale of a crop of 3-year-olds," he said. "And Northern Dancer is far and away the best. I just don't know if we should tangle with him again for a while."

Twenty-four hours later, Burch had a change of mind. "Quadrangle has trained like a million dollars," he decided. "He loves Aqueduct, he's on the hit and he's ready to run." He got on the phone to Owner Mellon in Upperville, Va. and said, hesitatingly, "I'd like to run your horse if it's O.K. with you." "It's all right with me," said Mellon. After the Belmont, Mellon laughed at the recollection of the conversation and added, "It only goes to prove that you can't win races by not running in them."

On Belmont Day the upset of the racing year may not have been engineered so much by a dead-lit Quadrangle su-



With only an eighth of a mile to go, Quadrangle draws off from Roman Brother (on rail) while Northern Dancer and Hill Rise porse in vain.

perbly trained by Burch as it was by the strategic errors of Jockeys Bill Hartack on Northern Dancer and Bill Shoemaker on Hill Rise. They were guilty of the oldest mistake in race riding: watching each other and forgetting the rest. And forgetting the painfully slow early pace.

"You simply cannot," said George Pope afterward, "give any good horse a decent lead under a slow pace and hope to catch him. Shoe and Hartack underestimated Quadrangle and Manuel Ycaza, and they paid for it." Luro found it difficult to hide his disappointment. "The race was run slowly for the first mile, and that certainly didn't help us. I can't criticize Hartack, because he followed his orders. I told him Quadrangle would be on the pace or close to it, but the trouble is that Quadrangle rated better than I thought he would. We all have to lose once in a while. It's too bad."

Where Ycaza and Quadrangle won may have been early in the race. Orientalist took the lead at the start. Shoe had Hill Rise second and then third but, going into the first turn, Ycaza neatly dropped Quadrangle down on the rail and saved yards and yards of ground. "That was only one thing," said Ycaza afterward. "He saved ground, but he was now in a position to do his best in a free-running way, completely relaxed and striding long. I didn't care how far Orientalist was in front of us, because I knew the pace was slow and I had a relaxed horse full of run."

Up the backstretch Hill Rise and Northern Dancer were pressing, but not

very aggressively. At the half-mile pole, with Orientalist tiring in front of him, Ycaza sent Quadrangle to the lead just as soon as he saw Hartack bring Northern Dancer up on the outside for one of his famous sudden moves. "I could have taken the lead any time I wanted to," said Ycaza, "but I was in no hurry." Coolly awaiting the right moment, Ycaza did not hurry his horse until he reached the head of the stretch, and then really set him down. When he did he had more finishing kick than anybody else. The result, from the quarter pole home, was never in doubt. And the fractions—49 seconds for the first half, 1:14¹/₂ for the six furlongs, 1:39¹/₂ for the mile, followed by a 2:04 mile and a quarter and the full distance in 2:28¹/₂—reveal why Ycaza could win going away in a field that underestimated both his horse and the significance of time on a U.S. track.

This was a race run with everyone taking back for the first part of it and trying to run only the last quarter mile (much like some wondrous trackmen on the other coast—see page 28). When that happens the form at Hialeah, Santa Anita, Churchill Downs and Pimlico goes out the window. The form was demolished by a beautiful animal whose capabilities now seem almost limitless.

When it was all over and the wet Canadian flag had been hauled down, nobody was unduly depressed, except perhaps the Canadian fans who had come down to celebrate the first Triple Crown horse since Citation in 1948. Even Bill Hartack, who usually speaks to nobody when he

loses, was ready to discuss Northern Dancer's defeat. He did it matter-of-factly and with typical frankness: "This horse was exactly where I wanted him to be. He ran his race. He tried hard, and that's that. I'm not disappointed, because how can you be disappointed in a horse that tries his best? He ran right down to the wire as hard as he could, but he just didn't run fast enough. Remember, you can't be given a Triple Crown. The horse still has to win it. This horse was fit and in good shape. The only trouble is that he just didn't have it at a mile and a half." (Hartack, in the throes of a losing streak himself, celebrated Belmont Day by parting company with his latest agent, Lenny Goodman.)

Shoemaker had no real alibi for Hill Rise except to say that he was bothered slightly by Northern Dancer on the far turn. "I had to steady my horse because Hartack was crowding me. If I hadn't I think I would have been third instead of fourth," Shoe's claim of foul was not allowed.

The last word, however, belonged to Ycaza. "You know," he said with a beaming smile, "when I leave home this morning I say to my wife and baby, 'I'll bring the winner home.' All the way down the stretch I'm shouting at myself, 'Let's go get that Belmont, let's go get that Belmont.'" When Ycaza isn't feuding with the track stewards he can be very polite. To Paul Mellon he said, "I thank you very much, sir, for giving me the opportunity to ride your horse." Mellon smiled softly and contentedly.

END

A HORROR TO PLAY IN BUT GREAT TO WATCH

When Tony Lema reflected recently on what it felt like to play in the U.S. Open he came up with one word—torture. It is a strong word, but Lema was merely confirming what all touring pros know well: the Open is a tournament that knots the nerves and strangles the will as no other golf event can. The U.S. Golf Association, which runs the Open, deliberately fosters this feeling. It redesigns Open courses, narrowing fairways and making entrances to greens as tight as garage doors. It flanks the fairways with what it proudly calls "Open rough," a dense sea of unyielding grass that traps every imperfect shot and is rarely escaped without penalty. The grass around the edges of the green is snarly, nasty and five times longer than the pros are used to. Thus, those who would win an Open must play 72 holes knowing that each error they make can hurt them badly. All this may put tremendous pressure on the golfer, but it fascinates the spectator. The gallery relishes harsh penalties for the sloppy shot and delights in peering through its periscopes to observe Palmer and his friends in an exercise of golfing brinkmanship. The painting on the cover and the ones that follow portray some of the difficulties and theatrics of this most exciting of all tournaments.





If you were making a modern coloring book for golfers and wondered what the U.S. Open should be, the men who have played in it would tell you: "Color it blue." They might say this just thinking about their scores, but there are other reasons, too. At the Open both time and nature close in on the player—time, because the field for the first two days is very large and dusk is turning to night as the last threesomes come up 18; and nature, because the thick rough, the tight fairways, the threatening trees conspire to keep a golfer out of the sunlight, where he most wants to be. And so the trees that all but trapped the player at night provide a deep blue filter as a shot is hit toward a green in the late, late afternoon.





In other tournaments the drama stays on the course, but because play on the last day of the U.S. Open is 36 holes, there is a brief lunch break, during which the tension moves indoors. Within the clubhouse occur ironic moments like these from last year's Open—semiprivate scenes that no gallery wit-

nesses. Below, Arnold Palmer tries to hold on to the concentration he will soon need on the course, while reporters, conscious of his situation, ask muted questions. Palmer, of course, was news, but Julius Boros (right), a man who was not news until he went on to win the Open, stands alone.



PAINTINGS BY BERNIE FUCHS



CONGRESSIONAL:

WHERE A SMALL SPLASH WILL COST BIG MONEY

BY ALFRED WRIGHT

Arnold Palmer calls it "an enjoyable course to play." Others call it terribly long, as it is to the extent of 7,053 yards, and some call it hoked up, as it most decidedly is in two or three places. But by the time the Open Championship of the U.S. Golf Association is completed late on the Saturday afternoon of June 20, a great many of the golfers will want to liken Congressional Country Club's 18 championship holes to the original "monster"—the name Ben Hogan gave Oakland Hills after the 1951 Open.

As the helicopter flies, Congressional is about 10 miles northwest of the White House and all those L.B.J.s, but it is a considerably longer trip over some of the spidery roads that lead there from downtown Washington. The enormous stucco clubhouse crowns a hill overlooking some gently rolling Maryland farmland bordering the Potomac River, and the fairways of Congressional weave their way through lovely stands of oak and spruce and cypress, yet this is not a course where the trees will be a conspicuous nuisance to the golfers. On the whole, it is an airy, spacious kind of course. Its demands are

those that the English Channel puts on a swimmer—the strength and endurance to make the trip and the courage to persevere when the going seems too rough.

Congressional Country Club is itself a far cry from the wheeling-dealing atmosphere that Congressmen, Senators and other Government officials in Washington seem to seek in their clubs. That distinction currently belongs to Burning Tree, a nearby course that President Eisenhower made politically chic. Congressional now counts among its politically noteworthy members only 23 Congressmen, six Senators and one Supreme Court Justice, Byron White. Except for them, it is now just another big family country club of the sort endemic in suburban America.

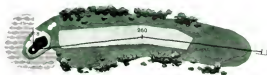
This was not always so. The club first opened for business back in 1924, with Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover as one of the founders. Among the 7,000 who turned out for its inaugural ceremonies were President and Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, and the original \$1,000 life memberships were bought up by people like the John D. Rockefellers, senior and junior, Vincent Astor, Harvey S. Fire-

stone, a sprinkling of DuPonts and, for some reason, Charlie Chaplin. High old times were had there until the Depression, but through the dreary '30s the early membership of more than 1,500 dwindled to less than 300. By 1940 Congressional was bankrupt.

During the war the OSS rented the club for \$4,000 a month and used the premises to train its agents in sabotage, espionage, sneaking up on the enemy from behind and other arts not unfamiliar to a golf course. When peace returned, Congressional found it had plenty of money in the bank and a property that had been renovated by the Government at a cost of \$178,000. Then came the postwar golf boom and a current membership of 2,700 that was glad to invest \$300,000 in improvements to get a tournament with as much prestige and profit as the U.S. Open. It took a lot of course changes—and seven years of supplication—but the Open is at last at Congressional and the golfers are headed its way.

Just as surely as tourists ogle cherry blossoms in April, the country's best golfers complain in June about what-

continued



For the spectator, Congressional's 18th, a 465-yard par-4, is matchless. Thousands will line the right side of its fairway to look down at the small peninsula of a green that the golfers must hit to with a nerve-testing long iron. Green at upper right is not being used.





ever course is the scene of the current Open. Mostly they mean that the USGA has allowed the rough to become too high and the fairways too narrow, the bunkers too numerous and the greens too fast.

Three of these complaints—the greens, the bunkers and the fairways—are not strictly applicable to Congressional. The greens should be relatively slow—and rewarding to the bold putters—particularly if there is no real spell of heat to burn out the *poa annua* weed grass that infested them during the spring. The torment of the greens will be in the firmness of the earth beneath that refuses to yield to the spin of the ball. On many of Congressional's greens even short ironsmanship hit will land with a brisk ping and bounce into the long rough fringing the rear of the putting surfaces.

The fairways, while not unconscionably or brutally narrow, demand accuracy as well as length, for their target areas are diligently policed by bunkers. These bunkers are not severely deep or notably expansive, as they were at Oakmont, but they are cleverly designed to catch the shot that tries to gain a cheap advantage. And such is the hellish inclination of the USGA championship committee that one can expect to find the fairways thoroughly soaked, if not by nature then surely by the greenskeeper. As is the custom for the Open, the rough bordering the fairways will be trimmed to two inches for the first six feet on either side of the fairway and to four inches farther out. On all the par-4 holes except the 8th and the 11th, anyone driving into the longer rough can figure on taking at least three strokes to reach the green. It is especially tough stuff, this rough, for it is mainly an elongation of the waxy Bermuda grass that serves its fairway for Congressional members in normal times.

Finally, anything that Congressional gives away in terms of such things as slowish greens it can quickly take back with its most conspicuous hazard—

water. The water appears on only three holes, 6, 10 and 18, but on each of them it narrows the entrance to a green at a point where the player is using a long iron and needs all the room he can get.

It is not surprising, then, that after a round at Congressional two weeks ago Palmer came away pronouncing the course as severe a test of golf as the "monster" of Oakland Hills itself. "You have to keep fighting this course all the way," he said. "Nicklaus and I are going to have to be standing on those drives from every tee. Except for two weak holes, the 8th and the 11th, I can't see where there is any letup."

Palmer played his round under conditions that were as ideal as anyone has a right to expect for the tournament. The temperature was just under 70°, and the relative humidity was around 35%, so the ball was going to travel well. A westerly wind offered some variations to the holes, but it was not a wind to seriously alter the course. Some of the shots Palmer hit indicate what kind of problems some of Congressional's holes can pose.

On the first hole, which is 405 yards, he drove down the middle and between the two bunkers that bracket the target area. The wind was against him so he needed a full six-iron to reach the front of the green. In spite of the length, he called it "one of the softest holes on the course."

The 2nd hole is a par-3 and still in some dispute. From the back of the regular tee the uphill shot to the green is 195 yards, but a new tee farther back and to the left stretches the hole to 215 yards. The green does not hold well, and it is unlikely that the longer tee will be used unless the normal tee proves unexpectedly easy. Palmer used the short tee and hit a low one-iron that landed short and rolled past the pin. "This is a pretty good hole from this tee," he said. "It needs a really well-hit iron, probably a two-iron or a three-iron with no wind."

On 4, a 423-yard par-4, he drove to the

bottom of a swale crossing the fairway and used a three-iron to reach the green, which was small, uphill and 195 yards away. "A lot of guys won't reach the bottom here," he said, "and they'll be hitting their second shots from a downhill lie. It's a tough shot."

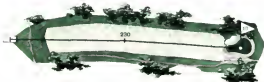
The 6th hole will create a stir. Normally it is a par-5 of 555 yards that terminates at a green protected on the right side and halfway across the front opening by a pond. Trees grow tight along the left side of the green, and at the left front is a bunker. The opening to this large two-level green is almost too small to think about. To serve the Open, a new tee was built, converting the hole into a par-4 of 456 yards. The drive is uphill all the way, and Palmer hit a big one that carried to the top of the fairway rise, leaving him 185 yards from home. With a following wind, he hit a six-iron. "A four-iron would be normal," he said.

And so to 9. This is the only par-5 on the front nine, and Wiffy Cox, Congressional's pro for 26 years, would like to bet that no one will reach the green in two throughout the tournament. It measures 599 yards, but a Grand Canyon of a ravine separates the end of the fairway from the green. Palmer used a three-iron to lay his second shot of the ravine. He also hit another drive from the very front of the tee, cutting 50 yards off the length of the hole, which he believes is the place the hole should be played from. After his drive from the shorter tee, he hit the biggest three-wood he could—did so three times, in fact—and just reached the bunker alongside the green each time. It is a dangerous shot and there are thick woods outside the bunker. The only hurdles here will go to those who play a delicate wedge to this two-level green and get the ball in the hole with one putt.

The 10th hole is just plain big—a 459-yard par-4 that is uphill all the way. Palmer hit a hooking drive to the middle of the fairway and still was 195 yards

continued

On the 10th hole, water once again hugs the edge of the green. A par-4 that is 459 yards, it will require a long second shot that should be kept well away from the dangerous right side. If the tee shot is not hit excellently, the second shot becomes perilous.





The 9th, a 599-yard par-5, will cause the most complaints. A deep ravine in front of the green forces the players to hit their second shots with an iron. This second shot is not easy, for the landing area is quite small.

away. The two-iron he hit to the green rolled through it and into the long rough at the back. A perfectly hit three-iron landed right on the green and held. Here again there is a big pond on the right, and the green slopes in that direction. The long second shot on this hole must be drawn into the green from right to left in order to avoid the pond, and most of the golfers will be hitting with a wood. They will die a few times while their ball is in the air.

The 13th is where the real fun begins. Standing on the tee and gazing thoughtfully at the green some 448 yards away, Palmer said, "Just look at that. My last time here I had to use a one-iron from a downhill lie just to reach the green."

The 15th is the hole for those who like muscle. It is a par-5 that measures only 564 yards, but to reach it in two you must do so on the fly, for the USGA has cultivated a wide swath of rough across the opening to the green. Since several bunkers protect the entrance on the right, this artificial rough becomes nothing but a penalty to equalize the long and the short hitters. Palmer hit his biggest drive and his biggest three-wood here, and his second shot stopped in the middle of the rough guarding the green.

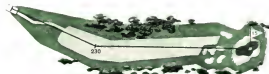
The 17th hole looks easy. A long drive over the bunker on the left of the fairway at the target area could leave but an

eight-iron or nine-iron to the green. Yet most players will be hitting their drives into the rising part of the fairway, leaving themselves a long second to a green that slopes away from the shot. In the late afternoon, shadows from the tall trees on the left, where there is an out-of-bounds fence, will make it difficult to judge distances accurately. Birdies will be scarce indeed when the pressure is on.

The 18th hole is a wonder. It is 465 yards and all downhill, but it still took a big drive and a four-iron for Palmer to get there. The green juts into a large pond to the east of the clubhouse. Here, late Saturday afternoon, a U.S. Open leader is going to have to hit one of the most trying shots of his life as that pond begins to look as big as an ocean and the green as small as a whitecap.

Walking up to the green, Palmer inspected the front entrance and said, "Look at Joe Dey trying to let that grass grow, and it won't grow." It made him smile to think of the frustration of Joseph C. Dey Jr., the executive director of the USGA, whose job it is to get the course ready.

Palmer made a tour around the fringe of the green. "See what Joe did here," he said. "He let the rough grow up long all the way around, and right where the ball would roll in the water he cut it short. Isn't that something?"



The 564-yard 15th is a dogleg par-5 guarded by a battery of traps on the right. The closer the tee shot shaves the left side, the less problem the traps offer. The rough is allowed to block the entrance to the green.

Later, at lunch, someone mentioned to Palmer that Robert Trent Jones, the noted golf architect who redesigned the Congressional course, had predicted a winning score of 283 or 284—that is, three or four over par for the 72 holes.

"That will be the popular guess," Palmer said, "but I'll take close to 280—or 290. I think it will be more like one or the other, depending on the weather. You have to remember one thing: that everyone will have a bad round—a 73 or 74. Even so, I think someone can shoot 280." He smiled that quick grin of his and added, "Maybe I'll have to do it myself."

Because of the enormous advantage the power hitter has at Congressional—and not just power off the tee but power to cut through the thick rough—Palmer and Jack Nicklaus are obviously the players to beat. Of the other very long hitters, one also thinks of Paul Harney and Juan (Chi Chi) Rodriguez. Both have won a PGA tournament this year, but neither has yet won a major title. That is a big consideration in rating the Open contenders, for one must look first to the golfers whose games have held up under the strain of a big championship. Bill Casper Jr. must also be regarded very seriously, for there is not a man on the golf tour today who can make the ball behave more exactly in accordance with his will. He is not a tremendous driver in the Nicklaus-Palmer category, but he always thinks his way around the difficult golf courses intelligently, and he has a natural sense of rhythm that makes him a consistent, and often brilliant, putter. Without brilliant—and lucky—putting, no one will win at Congressional. There is also Julius Boros, the defending champion and twice a winner of this tournament—a man who has proved that the Open does not intimidate him. Tony Lema is by now overdue for his first major championship, and he seems to be recovering some of the lost confidence that threw him into a slump after his Crosby victory in January, and Gary Player, off his recent victory at Indianapolis, looks sharper and more determined.

Whoever it is—one of these or some other—that sinks the winning putt on that pretty and frightening 18th green, he will indeed be a champion of fortune, for that is the major ingredient of the test at Congressional. **END**

THE ARMCHAIR GOLFER

or WHIMPERS OF A
SHORTCHANGED VIEWER

BY OGDEN NASH

*It's thirty-five miles from Chesapeake Bay,
A hundred from Cape Henlopen,
But it's only the width of the room from me,
The site of the U.S. Open.*

*So here I sit at my new TV,
A hacker, a digger, a dabb,
To watch the scene of the championship,
The Congressional Country Club.*

*The Congressional Country Club, my friend,
It's hard by Washington city,
Where a eslon asse at his shemeful ascone
Can bury it in committee.*

*When Senators meet for a friendly match
And on the first tee cluster,
The matter of who gives strokes to whom
Turns into a filibuster.*

*But the tournament wheel is a whirling wheel
And here is its golden hub,
Just a drive and a pitch from the U.S. Mint,
The Congressional Country Club.*

*So today it's free of politics
And patronage seekers barmy,
And lobbyists sit at home and sulk,
Out-lobbied by Arnie's Army.*

*The gallery sways like a primitive throng
At a ceremony pagan,
And murmurs the names of its ancient gods,
Quilmet and Jones and Hagen.*

*Then swirls around the gods of today
An argumentative chorus:
Can January blossom in June?
Can Lense give weight to Boreas?*

*Can Nichols keep pace with Nicklaus,
The helvost of the helvies?
Or will Charles repeat his British feat
And hearten the nation's lefties?*

*Will the title go to a real old pro
Like Casper or Speed or Player,
Or to some unknown like What's-his-name
Who pulls like an old croakier?*

*We must wait, my friend, till the drama's end
Unfolds on the magic screen,
So join me here at my nineteenth hole
While they play the first fourteen.*

*The mystefuous first fourteen, my friend,
Which is missing on my screen;
At times I wonder if anyone plays
The invisible first fourteen.*

*That the Open crown is a singly crown
Is a statement we all endorse,
But I can't conceal that I sometimes feel
It is won on a four-hole course.*

*At times I think they have rolled the dice
To decide what their scores will be
As they swing a club for the very first time
When they stand on the fifteenth tee.*

*If McChelien is seeking a brand-new show,
Here's a TV mystery catchy:
The case of the missing fourteen holes
Would outrete Joe Valachi.*

*But hush! The sponsor is speaking now
The first commercial annals
And you settle yourself in your easy chair
To follow the last four holes.*

*Well, two-months of a loaf is better than none
And the picture is sharp and clean,
Just be grateful you're there for the final four,
And the bell with the first fourteen!*



AN EMPEROR IN HARNESS

Billy Haughton bosses the biggest establishment in trotting and wins a million dollars a year. To do it he opens the track with early-morning workouts (above) and does not quit until after the last race at midnight

by MARK KRAM

When he was 25 and just another young man in a county-fair sport fast becoming civilized, Billy Haughton—spread out behind a 12-40-1 horse named Chris Spencer—was “searching for daylight” at the end of the first quarter in the 1949 Golden West Trot at Hollywood Park. Fifty thousand dollars was the prize, and along with it was a big step toward the front of the line. Haughton would not have a chance unless he could start his horse moving. Suddenly the driver next to him, who must have thought he was Walter Brennan in *Home in Indiana*, swerved a fraction to the side and yelled: “Now, boy! Go on by, boy! Ya got the best horse anyway.” Haughton won the race, thanked Walter Brennan—or whoever he was—and that night he drank champagne and danced with June Allyson at the Coconut Grove. He has kept going by everyone and everything except the bank ever since, and now at the age of 40 he stands at the top in a flourishing sport that just a few decades ago was identified exclusively with carnival midways and men who chewed on long strands of straw and talked of whisky, weather and women.

From Roosevelt Raceway to Santa Anita, from Paris to Du Quoin, Ill., the name Haughton in harness racing means “empire”, an almost flawless combination of human and horse that ranks as one of the finest single achievements in American sports. It means money, one gauge—though inadequate—of success in the union of horses and

continued

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men: earnings in excess of \$8 million since 1949, earnings of more than \$1 million in 1958, 1959, 1962 and 1963. It means Haughton has been the top individual money earner in trotting from 1952 through 1959 and in 1963, and tops in winning drives for six straight seasons, 1953-1958. For Haughton himself—a onetime \$7-a-week stableboy from Fultonville, N.Y.—it is the good life: an elegant split-level home in Old Brookville on Long Island, a wife who always looks as if she just stepped out of *Tinseltown*, five handsome children, two riding horses, two ponies, two cars and an estimated annual income well over \$100,000.

Haughton is a slight, wiry man, intelligent and pleasant, and he always seems to have a smile on his face and laughter ringing out of his throat. He is generally placid, when he does become angry it is not obvious. Because he is so well liked and respected by fellow horsemen it is possible to conclude from their estimates of him that Haughton is a kind of middle-aged boy scout. Grooms say, "If you can't work for Haughton, you can't work." Track management looks upon him as some sort of totem. Diligent search will uncover a few instances of the petty jealousy and animosity that always seem to stalk success, but nearly all of it is dismissed by responsible observers.

Haughton is socially gregarious when he wants to be and has time to be, but he has only a handful of close friends. Friends demand too much time, time that Billy Haughton does not have to give. Like his stable, Haughton is a machine that purrs a long day every day of the year. It starts at 6 a.m. and usually ends about midnight, with Haughton, exhaustion lining his face and his eyelids drooping, munching on a peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich and sipping tea under a dim light in his kitchen.

The Haughton stable opened in 1947 with two horses. It now consists of 104 horses, six assistant trainers, 58 grooms and an operating expenditure of a quarter of a million dollars each year. It is the largest, most productive and most efficient operation in the history of horse racing. Haughton brought no family background or influence in the sport to the building of this empire—a task that required as much skill in human relations and executive ability as superior horsemanship. (There are 48 different

owners represented in Haughton's stable this year—the number is fairly constant—and they have to be handled as delicately as any of their horses.) What Haughton did bring was a robust ambition and a quiet yet volcanic desire to compete. "You knew right away," says that shrewd veteran, Del Miller, "that Billy was something special."

The special thing about Billy Haughton is his attitude toward harness racing.

Haughton would be like a big balloon soon after being pricked with a pin. "Once," says Henry King Jr., an official at Yonkers Raceway, "I asked him if he ever gets tired—you know, of being around horses and that murderous routine of his. He just looked at me kind of quizzically, as if he really didn't understand how. I could ask the question in the first place."

On a recent drive between racetracks



OFF TO THE RACES in late afternoon. Billy Haughton says goodbye to his wife Dorothy and three of his five children, sons Peter and Bill Jr. (right) and his daughter Betty.

Certainly there are few among those who make their living in this highly competitive game who look upon it as some frivolous diversion or just a job. But for Haughton it is strikingly evident that harness racing is life. It is a life with the sweet-sour smell of a barn at dawn, a life dominated by tedious routine and quick decision. A life in front of men who hang around a track rail and have been heard to yell, "I hope ya get cancer. I hope ya whole family gets cancer." A frenetic life that Haughton speeds through with an electric energy that crackles every minute of every day. If there were no barn, no 18-hour day,

Haughton decried his attitude toward racing. "The horse," he said, tooling along an empty ribbon of road, "has got to want to win, to be the best or else it's all for nothing. It's that something extra that they've got to have. Most of the great ones always have it." So does Billy Haughton.

"I admire him for it," says fellow horseman Stanley Dancer. "He has remarkable stamina. I couldn't train over a hundred head and be comfortable. I don't have the temperament for it. I just hope he doesn't overextend himself. You know, it's just like an engine. It can only go so far, and then it has to be

continued

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EMPEROR IN HARNESS *continued*

returned. I hope that doesn't happen to him. Just all those owners alone could drive you to a breaking point."

Haughton is at the track about 7 every morning and trains his horses until noon. In the afternoon there is the office routine: the hilling for feed, shoeing and harness, payments for stake races, consultations with veterinarians, arrangements for shipping horses for races at other tracks. He then goes home for a late lunch and returns to the track by 7 p.m. to start warming up his entries for the night's races. On an average night at the start of the season he drives in about four or five events. However, as the season progresses, his schedule becomes much more complicated: five races at Goshen, say, in the afternoon, five races at Roosevelt or Yonkers at night, then back to Goshen the next afternoon. Frequently, after racing in the afternoon, he will fly to a stakes race in Chicago or some other place that night. On Sundays he is off, but this is the time the 48 owners usually choose to inquire about their investments. Come late September the machine starts to sputter. "I wonder sometimes," says his wife Dorothy, "how he can make it another day."

During the winter Haughton trains his horses in Winter Park, Fla., but even there it is a full day's work before he relaxes over a Brave Bull, a drink he fancies that is a mixture of tequila and Drambuie. Still, it is not difficult to see how Haughton remains equal to this pace. He thrives on movement and speed—fast cars, fast horses, action of all kinds. Every day of his life has to have this rhythm of speed humming through it.

"Haughton runs this stable," says one of his aides. "It doesn't run itself. The guy makes the decisions. Not tomorrow. Not an hour from now. But now. Right on the spot. That kind of confidence can be felt all over the barn." Rival Owner Norman Woolworth, who calls Haughton "the complete horseman, the complete professional," says, "As an administrator Haughton is simply above the crowd. He's always looking for ways to improve himself and his barn. There are a lot of people in this business who live in their own little world, only interested in their own horses. Not Haughton. He wants to know everything that's

going on. In Europe last fall he spent a lot of time checking the way they do things even though their ways are quite antiquated compared to ours. And he's always watching the Thoroughbreds, looking for small things that he can adapt to our way of training. Bill's operation has modern equipment, modern ideas. Some of the best personnel around. But he is the most phenomenal part of it all. I don't know how he can keep up with it without ending up in a boozy hutch."

The training of a harness horse, at times an exasperating ritual, is a delicate process involving shoeing, balance, pace, gait and a complete knowledge of the physiology of the horse. It is trial and error. It is patience and study and, in the end, judgment by which a trainer stands or falls. (It is not theory, because when there are 104 horses to be trained there could be twice as many theories.) But chiefly it is a sense of horses that is as much a part of a man as his senses of smell and hearing and taste. And it comes to a man who has worked hard for a long time at every little, dirty detail connected with horses and a racing stable.

There is no recognizable Haughton method in training. Some people point to his extensive knowledge of shoeing (he spent most of his youth hanging around blacksmiths). Others cite his use of the blood count, a regular practice around his barn that tests a horse's fitness by the number of red and white corpuscles in his blood. If Haughton was not the first to introduce the blood count to harness racing, he was the first to exploit it thoroughly. He relies on it to tell him, besides general condition, just "how hard he can use a horse." And he uses horses hard, he says. Haughton is not sentimental about horses. He rarely becomes angry at them, but he will spout passionately about one who has ability but "lacks heart."

Watching Haughton work his horses can be a befuddling experience and a study in motion. His eyes are always wandering over a horse's anatomy, his body forever hopping in and out of a sulky, his voice continuously popping commands. At such a time it is almost impossible to talk with him. Haughton can concentrate on more than one thing at a time, but anything not connected with horses when he is thinking horses does not find room in his mind. Once

continued



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he was picked up for speeding on the same turnpike three times by the same policeman. "What are ya—some kind of nut?" the policeman asked. "No, I had my mind on something else," Haughton said in his most sincere voice. He failed to tell the policeman that he was driving a horse while he was driving the car. Three different horses.

It is this detachment from everything around him that has led some opposing drivers to think of him as aloof and insensitive. He rarely congratulates another driver after a particularly fine drive, they point out. "True, he is completely unemotional and apart," says Norman Woolworth. "He's the same in a big race as he is in a smaller one. And he drives the same. He doesn't have time to be emotional or fraternal. It's just one race after another. Win or lose, he never looks back. He doesn't gloat and he doesn't moan." Says Stanley Dancer: "We were in the Reading Futurity some years ago. Billy had the top two horses in the race, Bachelor Hanover and Belle Acton. He asked me to drive Bachelor Hanover. He won the first heat with Belle Acton. My horse took the second. Before the third heat I asked him if he wanted me to drive Bachelor Hanover in any special way. He turned and said, 'Just drive any way you can beat me.' Bachelor Hanover won."

Haughton the driver, even to the uneducated eye, is beyond the conventional. He is bold, calculating and brilliantly decisive. With fans clamoring for him to make a move, Haughton, lost in the third tier, say, or doggedly hugging the rail in the third spot at the top of the stretch, will hang in position for an aggravating period of time. Then he will suddenly sweep past the field like a flash of summer lightning. Many times it was not this final, spectacular move that won the race. It was won by Haughton's early moves. The struggle for position and the improving of that position without wasting the horse's energy made the difference. "Haughton behind just an average horse," says one driver, "is a tough man to beat. He forces you to drive his kind of race. He not only drives his horse, but he drives in his mind all the other horses in the race. You have to beat more than just a horse when you're up against him."

Billy Haughton's hands are like little chunks of rock. He has a fine, sensitive "touch" when driving, and a facility for

adjusting to situations in a split second. An illustrative example was the sudden pileup at Roosevelt in 1953 when Haughton went flying out of his seat and turned a full somersault in the air. He landed on his feet and jumped back into his sulky. Naturally, he did not win the race, but one railbird was heard to remark: "I wouldn't bet against Haughton—not even when he was spinning through the air."

In winning 2,104 races, Haughton has turned in many noteworthy drives, but none that particularly pleased him above all others. "I remember a recent season at Yonkers," says Al Thomas, Haughton's chief lieutenant. "I was watching him closely as I always do, because even Billy can fall into a driving pattern, and someone who is watching can detect it. Well, anyway, there were something like 130 races in which he didn't make a mistake. Not one mistake in driving. It was a great exhibition."

If Haughton adheres religiously to one rule as a driver, it is his policy of never betting on himself. A driver who bets on himself, he believes, is incapable of a good performance. "Too often," he says, "they are worrying more about winning the bet than the race. It has to ruin your concentration."

Harness racing fans, mighty truculent at times, do not disturb Haughton, though occasionally they will offer to pay his plane fare back to Florida. There are some drivers on whom the regulars always bet, and there are others who, they feel, would get lost with a note pinned on them. Haughton, behind a field horse, is often bet down to 2 to 1, a phenomenon that always puzzles him.

It is a measure of Haughton's stature in the sport that last June 5 at Roosevelt—significantly, about five months before the spectacular riot there—he was honored with that overworked sporting ceremony, the "special night." The official program was perfunctory, heavy with superlatives, gifts and so forth, but it remained for the fans to raise the evening to a point beyond the pedestrian. In a rare display of affection, they swarmed around him at the end of the presentations. He signed autographs for an hour, a scene that must have moved some veteran horseplayers to blush. "You know," says his wife, "we thought about it a long time before we decided

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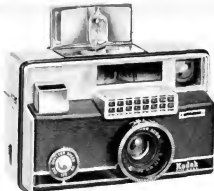


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to bring the children that night. We were worried about how the people would react. They even booed Adios Butler the night he was retired, and when Eddie Arcaro retired, the Thoroughbred crowd booed him. The way they acted toward Billy was really a surprise. It was one of the finest moments in his career."

When Haughton is home, he relaxes by shooting baskets with his sons, riding a horse (in any kind of weather) or working with his Thoroughbred, Spring Sun ("not even Kelso gets better treatment than that horse," his wife says). But usually he is immersed in *The Daily Racing Form*. "The house could be burning down," says Dorothy, "but Bill wouldn't know it unless the paper started to burn." Haughton reads the *Racing Form*, primarily a Thoroughbred publication, because of his interest in everything that touches on horses, because he is always looking for horses to claim and, finally, because he enjoys the stories, which, he feels, submerge the element of big business in racing. "The accent," he says, "is on human interest. No twin doubles or betting. They give you a different look at racing. If they can't say anything good, they don't say it. I wish we had a publication like it. It would certainly help the image of trotting quite a bit."

The "image" of his sport bothers Haughton. Despite its huge mutual handles and climbing prosperity, harness racing has never been able to quite rid itself of the nagging skepticism and sometimes blatant distrust of metropolitan fans. To a number of them, trotting is the ultimate in chicanery. To a small body of the press, it is viewed as just a shade above the extravagant folly of, say, Gorilla Monsoon and Killer Kowalski pretending that each is a devil incarnate. The improvement of the image is mainly a matter of education, Haughton believes, and as an educator for harness racing he is without peer. He will spend an hour on the phone with a brooding and interrogating player—whom he does not know—explaining the subtleties of the sport. At the end the guy does not retrieve the money he blew on Haughton's 1-to-4 favorite, but he does come away with a better understanding of harness racing.

Says Haughton, "So many people just bet. They don't know anything about

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the starting system or why a horse will break. They don't know how easy it is for even the best drivers to get pinned in a bad position. You can see everything at the harness tracks. It's not like the Thoroughbred tracks, which are much larger. You really can't see much of a race there. For instance, at Roosevelt a horse is moving along fine, say, in the middle of the race, and all of a sudden he starts to come apart. You have to pull up on him. At Aqueduct, at a similar point of the race, you can't see a jockey pull his mount up. At Roosevelt you can, and right away the better thinks there's something crooked about the sport. One thing I'd like to see done. I'd like to see the paddock moved closer to the people like they have at the running tracks. Then people could see the horses and see the drivers, and they wouldn't react like the repairman who came to my house one day. He said to my wife, 'I saw your father race last night at Roosevelt.' So many fans think we're old men, or farmers or Hicks. This is a young man's sport now. It's grown a lot, but there's so much more to do."

Haughton has taken most of the top prizes in harness racing—the Messenger Stake, Little Brown Jug, Cane Futurity, Fox Stake and others—but The Hambletonian, trotting's Derby, has always eluded him. This year, however, there is silent optimism around the Haughton barn. It is generally conceded that Haughton has "the top hand on the table right now" in a pair of colts named Speedy Count and Smart Rodney. Speedy Count, by the same sire as last year's champion Speedy Scot, is big and swift, and he is the winter-book favorite for trotting's Triple Crown—the Yonkers Futurity, The Hambletonian and the Kentucky Futurity. He set a 2-year-old two-heat world mark of 4:00 1/2 for colts at Lexington, Ky. last season, won 21 of 27 starts, and was voted Trotter of the Year in his division. Smart Rodney, second in the balloting, won the Evelevior, Reading Futurity, Ohio Standardbred and The Horseman Stake. In addition, Haughton has in his barn one of the favorites for this year's Little Brown Jug, Vicar Hanover.

A victory in The Hambletonian would crown Haughton's career. The next day there would be more races and more stable problems, but he just might go out and drink champagne and dance the whole night through once again. **END**



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Instead of getting themselves into the mood for their own TV show, sports buff **Bennett Cerf** and his fellow *What's My Liners* **Dorothy Kilgallen** and **Arlene Francis**, along with a clutch of directors and technicians, were all clustered around a studio guard's TV set watching the New York Mets round into their 20th inning against the Giants. And even when *Line* went on the air, Bennett was so worked up he couldn't forget the ball game. "I've just been watching the most fantastic baseball game ever," he told the nation's televisioners as he rushed panting before the cameras. "The Mets are in the 20th inning of a tied game, and it's still going on." The result, in the New York area anyway, was a quick strike-out for *What's My Line?* As a few hundred thousand fans reached over to change channels, *Line's* Nielsen rating dropped .3 points.

"My dearest cyclists," said His Holiness **Pope Paul VI**, "we are grateful for your visit which reminds us of our childhood, when we also followed with enthusiasm every stage of the Giro d'Italia." When the pontiff finished his special blessing, a hundred or more shorts-clad competitors in the 47th running of Italy's most famous bike race chanted: "Long live the sporting Pope!"

Who's the best skin diver in all Cuba? Who's the best ping-pong player? Who's the best golfer? Who's the best everything? If any Cuban is still too stupid to know the answer, he can get a broad hint from the brand-new posters (right) just set up at Havana University's stadium.

Pouring into the bluegrass hunt country around Middleburg, Va. came a herd of cowboys from the cattle country to compete in a quarter horse jamboree, complete with cutting, barrel racing and steer roping. But it was no grizzled rodeo performer from the West who made the hunt set's eyes pop in the barrel race. With chaps flying, **Joanie du Pont**, the pretty wife of millionaire Victor du Pont, whipped around the barrel-sladdled course a full second faster than any other competitor.

"Nasser wants to see me, and they've got big things lined up for me in Cairo. It's more important than Nigeria," said tactful Heavyweight Champion **Muhammad Ali**, trying to cut short his visit to Africa's most populous nation. Nigeria's **Kid Bassey**, former world featherweight champion, gripped his chair. "Nigeria is the biggest country in Africa," explained Bassey. "Well," continued Cassius stiffening, "isn't Egypt the powerfulest country with all them rockets and their big army and their dams?" "Mr. Muhammad," replied Bassey, holding his temper, "you are

a champion. You are supposed to keep your promises, and if you leave us now you'll mess everything up." "Nobody tells me what to do or when to do it but me," exploded The Mouth as he flew off to the United Arab Republic, undiplomatically ducking a soccer game, several banquets and the Miss Nigeria beauty contest.

For a whole sun-drenched day Governor **John Connally** of Texas and Governor **Terry Sanford** of North Carolina tossed and pitched on the choppy waters off Cape Hatteras, N.C. to no avail. They were both competing in the International Blue Marlin Tournament. But, as Connally moaned, "We didn't see a one." Toward sunset the governors managed to haul in four dolphins, but—in a marlin tournament—that's like winning a Republican primary in the South.

While the cameras were grinding on the set of *Marriage à la Mode*, seductive **Sophia Loren** pretended she was a prostitute—but that was only make-believe. As soon as the cameras stopped, she darted over to a table surrounded by

technicians, cameramen and Roman stagehands and pretended to be a poker player—and that was for real. In one fast session of penny ante before the cameras started grinding again, Sophia took the boys for 1,000 lire (\$1.60).

Athletic Owner **Charles O. Finley** said he was going to move his team out of Kansas City. The powers that be in the American League said he wasn't. So, stuck with a backyard—or rather a center field—he doesn't much like, Charlie is now planning to brighten it up with a nice big monument to *Connie Mack*. "The statue will be movable," explained the flexible Finley, "to prevent its interfering with professional football seating arrangements." But those who know him suspect there may be another reason.

While he was being tried in Tennessee for fixing juries, Teamster President **James Hoffa** kept fit with daily push-ups in a nearby gym. Now he is in Chicago being tried for fraud and there is no gym handy. The result is showing. The Teamster boss has put on 10 pounds.



Grabbling for those crazy Mississippi cats

There is more than one way to catch catfish. The best way during the spawning season is by hand

Natives of Marshall County, Mississippi, fish for catfish most of the year by the accepted hook-and-line method. But in the spring, when the big cats hide in submerged hollow logs to spawn, the hook-and-line fishermen stand aside and let the grabblers take over. The grabblers dig cats out of their spawning beds with bare hands, a feat that takes some dexterity and often a great deal of courage. The dexterity comes with experience, a few belts of corn whiskey buck up the courage. A grabbler may grabble a 60-pound yellow cat. He may also grabble an angry beaver, an unhappy muskrat, a bathing cottonmouth water moccasin or a small alligator.

"Even a 10-pound catfish can strap your flesh right off the bone," says John Camp Jr., Mississippi game and fish director. "Me, I stay in the boat and guard the lunches."

It takes palpable gumption just to stay in the boat on the ominous waters favored by grabblers. Cypress-darkened Sardis Water, gloomily named for the ruined, incert and buried city of Asia Minor, has taken half a dozen lives within the year. The most recent were rumored to be two of Pontotoc County's most valuable and complementary citizens, economically speaking, a local bootlegger and his best customer.

None of this deterred a group of the most reputable citizens of Marshall County two days after the latest drownings. At Wyatt's, a landing on Sardis, Game Warden Bob McAlexander's graphic accounts of dragging for yesterday's bodies convinced a place already peopled by its own ghosts. (Few know



VETERAN GRABBLER Eg Mansell wrings the biggest fish of the day—a 20-pound blue

that Wyatt's was the first town in all the Chickasaw Cession, having been settled in 1832. Mysteriously, the town disappeared before the Civil War. By then it was unpopulated Wyatt's Crossing, site of a Confederate gun emplacement that ambushed Federals traversing the desolate Tallahatchie River.)

"Bob Braggard, let's get your jitney down here and get this boat in the water," interrupted Grady McAlexander, who looks like the editor of the *Tombstone Epitaph* and who, in fact, edits the *Holly Springs South Reporter*. Three boats were soon skittering across 60,000-acre Sardis in search of habitable logs. Long-time grabber Andy Work, proprietor of Work's Good Gulf Service in the old slave-market town of Potts Camp, detected the first likely log. Into the chill morning water splashed Joe Cooper and Forest Service Man Lamar Day in approved grabbing fashion—fully clothed—to start the day's hunt.

Cooper's delicate probing brought swift disapproval from Holcomb (Doc) Black: "He foolin' around like he rased that old fish in that log. Tickle him with the mop." Andy gave Lamar the mop, a long pole with a knot of barbed wire at one end to encourage shy fish. Lamar commenced tickling. "I feel something," he announced. Cooper observed placidly. "So do I feel something. You got the ba'bed wahr into mah foot." "You sure?" asked Doc. After a moment's reflection, Joe said amiably, "It's not so cold in here I haven't got enough feeling to notice that wahr."

The third log offered a better trophy than a Cooper foot. Reported Joe, legs in log and with an unusually rapid output of words. "Whup, he's gettin' out, no, he isn't, man, Ah'm on a pile of fish here, a good un went out, he bumped me real good, I got another un between mah legs, I got my foot on one." "What kind is he, yellow or blue?" Andy asked. "Can't tell," said Joe, mock-exasperated. "C ain't tell whether he's got cavities either."

"Somebody catch him before we eat lunch," snapped Doc, in the water now. "I like to got his gill," yelled Joe. Submerged by the thrashing, Warden Bob

came up for oxygen and to bark. "Hell, this water's better'n air after you get used to breathin' it."

"Ow," said Joe to the fish, conversationally. "That's my two best feet. I'm real fond of them. Don't eat 'em." Believed Bob suddenly, "You-all ease back a little. I got a good bolt on him." Nearly swallowing his damp cigarette and submerging again, McAlexander abruptly surfaced and wrestled a big humpback blue cat into the boat. It was bucking and thrashing.

Five logs later a 35-pound cat struck at Andy Work's hand almost before he had put it in. Andy disengaged the varmint's teeth, threw it—along with a piece of his hand—into the boat, and again reached into the log to drag out a yellow. "This one's a real gentleman," he said approvingly as he held it aloft. "That other little bit of a fish nearly took my finger off."

"Oh, quit griping, Andy," said somebody. "Let's put him back in and let Andy catch him again," said Holcomb Black. Andy scowled accommodately. "And all we've got is three little ones," he grumbled, waving disdainfully at the bulging bag of catfish—enough to feed a man for a week.

Talented Tag

"If we want a big un, we gotta let Tag catch it," said Bob McAlexander. "Hey, Tag. Come here, Tag." Tag Mansell, a semiretired cotton farmer with an F.D.R. face and a chronic smile, looked up, smiled, stood up and dived headlong into a whole lumberyard of snags. "He's ready, ain't he?" hooted Doc, in exaggerated allusion to Tag's preparations with a bottle of corn hick. Tag gave a yell. "Is there a fish there?" asked Doc. "Or did you forget to take the corn?"

"Is there a fish here?" said Mansell. "Man, when I yell, you know something." From the other end of a log Lamar confirmed, "Something bit me." The something let go of Lamar and mibbled at Joe. "Sit on him," ordered Lamar. "He'll come out between mah legs if I spraddle him thataway," spluttered Joe. Coming down to help, Bob nearly

continued

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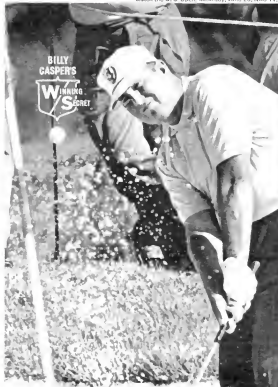
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**FISHING** *continued*

got his skull waffled by a set of ceilinging logs. "Gosh dang, what a woolly-bottomed bottom!" he exploded. He would have elaborated had not Tag suddenly heaved a 20-pound blue cat out of the log and rasked it into submersion. When the blue had been boated, still gnashing its teeth and raking its spiny fins, Bob said, "You grabble pretty good for an old man." "I used to could," said Tag modestly.

Tag's grabble stood as the biggest of the day, although Andy punched a bigger one—maybe 40 pounds—out of a tied-down log chopped full of holes for catfish preferring apartment-style living. "You feel him real good, Lamar?" asked Joe. "Well, he was making about 30 miles an hour while I was feeling him," said Lamar bitterly.

Mixing the monster changed the day's luck. Now every log was empty. "None of them fish is home," muttered Doc. Whatever the nature of their business elsewhere, all the fish had indeed disappeared. Soon the little boats seemed to be moving as slowly across the opaque, waxed-floor expanse of vienna water as the blister-raising sun was creeping across the hot white sky. A woodpecker drummed far across the drowned land. Red-winged blackbirds, almost extinct elsewhere but common as crows in this fecund tangle of watery jungle, called melodically. Off yonder a dog howled at his treed quarry. Two dead garfish floated by.

"Toss that white lightning' over," commanded Doc. The throw was short. The bottle sink into 30 feet of water. "It's time to quit," Doc announced.

The Terrible Tidwells

Marshall County has no lock on grabblers. In fact, some of the best grabblers in the entire state of Mississippi come from the next county south. And they come in a clan, with the name of Tidwell. When the Tidwells grabble, ball catfish climb up onto dry land and cottonmouths seek cover. Estimated to be 400 strong, Tidwells are as common as nails in Lafayette County and twice as tough. ("I can't tell you how many Tidwells there are in Lafayette County," says a local cracker-barrel sifter. "But I can tell you how many votes they have—73. They all go the same way, too. The way Alma Tidwell tells 'em.") Tidwells have been in north Mississippi since long before the Civil War. Where they came

continued



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down the barrel
of a 30-mph turn
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—DAN GURNEY



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from and when, the Tidwells themselves disremember. It seems certain, however, that their arrival gave the Chickasaws an awful fright.

To meet one Tidwell is to recognize all Tidwells on sight. "You can tell us Tidwells by the whiskers, can't you?" said Hudie, indicating a characteristic stand of dense stubble. "That's why we're sech good grabblers. We let the fish latch onto those whiskers. No sense lettin' 'em bue your hand."

Alma, the clan leader, seldom talks and, in even-handed impartiality, he seldom hears. "That's why I come," explained Jesse, a grizzled old fellow of 67. "My boy, David Lee, can't swim and Alma, he's deaf. If David Lee went down, Alma couldn't hear him."

True to form, the Tidwells cranked off from a point known appropriately as Hurricane Landing and crossed three miles of open water to get at the densest tangle of cypress, ironwood, water oak, blue beech, button willow, vines and assorted impenetrable brush on all of jungly Sardis. "Good place for snakes," said Sid Wolfe, owner of an Oxford bait shop. "Fact is, there was one over us 'bout three feet on that bush we just went under. What kind? Cottonmouth. He dropped down and had himself a swim when we went past."

Old Jesse, believing his excuse for coming, jumped in and snopped a hole in the first grubblicable log. "There's sumpin' in there," he declared. "If that ain't a fish, I'm damn badly fooled." It was two fish.

Floyd Tidwell, bespectacled with antique horn rims and hatted in a wide-brimmed old fedora blackened by many soakings, hauled in the next cat. Jesse held the 18 inches of it up for careful scrutiny. "It's a pollwog," he cried disdainingly.

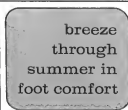
A hairy fish

David Lee's complexion changed color when he stuck his bare feet into the next log. "Yip!" he yelled. "What hit my britches were not no fish. That fish had hair on him."

"If that beaver gets you through the foot," said Floyd, "that'll be all she wrote." "Outa my way," said Alma. "I'm gonna grabble that old beaver." Luckily for the cowering beaver, Alma, after 15 minutes of groping, admitted he couldn't reach it.

Alma took a fancy to another log and

a cartoonist



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FISHING

called for help in stopping it. A cottonmouth undulated lazily through the water. "Know what he wants?" asked David Lee. "I'm not gonna get my feet at for you again. Ketch your own fish." "You gone gon' talking nuttyhed," Hudie reproved—unnecessarily, for there was no fish in residence.

At length Alma sighted the true object of his quest, an immense log, which all hands boarded. Instantly, a huge form catapulted from one end. The air around the leader of the Tidwells turned acrid. He gave his relatives to understand that that catfish had weighed at least 60 pounds and that he, Alma, was most unhappy about losing it.

"That one was too big, I didn't want that one," Floyd defended himself. "That was like trying to catch a cannonball. We'da needed a nimba 3 washub to catch that one." Agreed David Lee helpfully. "It would have taken at least four men to stop that hole."

Old granddaddy snake

A 30-minute pause to assess blame followed. When it ended, the granddaddy catfish having been chased off, a search began for the granddaddy snake. Hacking brush, paddling, poling through a jack-straw pile of logs, hauling on vines, the party pioneered the darkest reaches of Black Water, rejecting along the way a five-foot cottonmouth as too small and too shy.

"There he is," hissed David Lee. There he was, a seven-foot water moccasin as big around as a man's thigh, sunning on a log with just its head in the water.

Sid Wolfe whispered that even unprovoked moccasins were known to crawl into boats in search of victims. Jesse observed that poison from so big a snake would kill long before anyone could get out of Black Water. Floyd said no one had brought a gun. Alma said he was sure he could kill the moccasin with his paddle.

Up to the moccasin he paddled, everyone else hovering behind him, except Floyd, who furtively edged toward the stern seat. The snake raised its head, flicked its tongue and regarded its visitors unlovingly. Not yet in range, Alma raised his paddle high and let the boat drift slowly and quietly over the calm water toward the target. Deliberately, the moccasin slid down into the water. Then it surfaced six feet away and looked back—apprehensive as a catfish.

END



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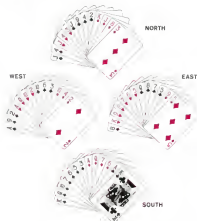
BRIDGE / Charles Goren

The Chinese took them to the cleaners

One of the most interesting sessions of last month's World Olympiad was the second-round match between the U.S. and the Republic of China. The U.S. team had started fast by defeating Bermuda 78-4 in the first round and was feeling a little cocky as it sat down against the Chinese. But when the 18-board session was over, China had won easily 52-6, or 7-0 in victory points. Said Robert Jordan, justifiably unhappy with the game he and Arthur Robinson had played: "I was going to ask them to do my laundry when the match was over. Now I think I'd better do theirs."

This hand, the third of the match, helped China on its way to the landslide victory:

East and West vulnerable
South dealer



SOUTH (Kibben)	WEST (F. Meyer)	NORTH (Hansen)	EAST (Shen)
2♠	PASS	2♦	PASS
3♦	PASS	3 N.T.	PASS
3♥	PASS	5♦	PASS
6♦	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: 8 of hearts

The two-club opening was an artificial strength-showing bid. When North responded two diamonds to show a weak hand, South bid spades. North's two-no-trump response was again a minimum bid, and South feared to bid only three spades, because this might be passed (the two-club opening is forcing only to the level of two no trump). His diamond bid was not a raise; it was the first genuine mention of the suit, and North, having twice signed off, jumped to the diamond game. With the assurance of good diamonds in North, South bid the slam.

With North as declarer, the Americans were lucky to escape the singleton-spade opening that would have set the contract at once. They needed still more luck, since, after trumping the first heart, declarer could pull only two rounds of trumps before knocking out the spade ace; he needed to keep one trump in dummy to control the heart suit. East had only two trumps, however, and the six-diamond bid limped home on a set of horseshoes.

In the other room, when the Chinese held the North-South cards they bid to six spades on different and, in my view, superior bidding:

NORTH (Hsu)	WEST (Robinson)	NORTH (Hsu)	EAST (Jordan)
2♠	PASS	2♦	PASS
3♦	PASS	3♦	PASS
4♦	PASS	4♦	PASS
6♦	PASS	6♦	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Having denied anything much in the way of strength with his first bid, North encouraged his partner after South jumped to four spades. The resulting spade slam was better than the diamond slam, not only because it scored higher but because it was safer. Six spades can be set only if diamonds split four-one and the short hand has two or more trumps, not including the ace. Six diamonds could go down on a three-one spade break, which is more likely than the four-one diamond break. But even without a spade ruff, if the diamonds are four-one, six diamonds is in real trouble when the opponents attack hearts.

The opening lead was the ace of hearts, and South had no difficulty in knocking out the ace of spades and bringing home 12 tricks for a score of 980 and a gain of two IMPs to China. From then on, Jordan, Robinson and the rest of the U.S. were on their way to the cleaners. **END**



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2. Put a jigger of liquor in the glass—*then* add the Schweppes.

3. Pour Schweppes Tonic *slowly*, down the *side* of the glass. The House of Schweppes in London has been

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The day the jumping stopped and the revolt began

Behind the polite facade of Main Line Devon, the resentment of the nation's top riders toward arbitrary rule exploded into a near riot

Last week in Devon, on the Pennsylvania Main Line, of all places, the horse show world had its first rebellion. For a while, as disgruntled exhibitors reduced an open jumping class to a shambles, the Devon grounds were as lively as O'Connor's Saloon on St. Patrick's Day. The riders' defiance of the show committee, management and the American Horse Shows Association was triggered by the barring of Ben O'Meara, 25-year-old owner of Colony Farms, Inc., two of whose horses were leading in points for the championship—but this was only the last and largest of a series of grievances. The literal and pecuniary enforcement of the rules throughout the week had built up a climate of exasperation. As one jumping exhibitor put it, "No one here stops to ask what is fair in a given situation—just what is legal." And the show officials were technically correct—if frivolous—in all of their controversial rulings.

Ben O'Meara was thrown out of a class for not following the trace of the course.

Kathy Kusner, who was riding O'Meara's Untouchable, was eliminated for exceeding the one minute allowed after a performer enters the ring and before he crosses the starting line. She had been stopped at the request of a gateman because she was wearing two numbers on her back. By the time she rearranged numbers her time was up.

Morton (Cappy) Smith was disqualified after his round because he forgot to wear protective head covering. Smith did not go bareheaded out of defiance—he habitually rides hatless—and he pointed out later that he was over 21 and that it was his head he was risking.

Frank Chapot, on Cheeca Farm's Manon, was not scored after a ribbon-winning round because he was wearing the wrong number. Chapot was showing three horses in the class and made a mistake which, as he pointed out, was of no possible advantage to him. "Just what edge does it give me?" he demanded angrily, as he tied on the correct number for his next horse and then mashed it up so that it was unreadable. The audience applauded. (That same evening the show's president, James K. Robinson, Jr., won the driving competition challenge trophy with the wrong number on his coach. He was not disqualified. "There is always that fine line at Devon," said one exhibitor, "that attitude of 'We're so big, who needs you?'")

Finally, on Thursday afternoon, a Devon vice-president, Richard McDevitt, had some angry words in the schooling area with O'Meara on the subject of poling. (Poling is the training practice of rapping a horse's legs with a bamboo pole so that he thinks he has hit the fence. He thus learns to jump higher and avoid injury in the ring.) O'Meara insisted he was not violating the rules and an AHSA steward who was present agreed. By a rather strange coincidence, however, an agent from the Women's S.P.C.A., Charles Renshaw of Philadelphia, turned up before the open jumper stake that night. He came with a companion, Patrolman John Stillwell of Easttown Township, and O'Meara and a friend, Jack Meli, who had been helping him at the show, were arrested on cruelty charges.

O'Meara claimed he never hit the horse, Se Bon, and has since gathered an impressive list of witnesses to back

continued



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HORSE SHOWS *continued*

him up. But he was hauled off to the Justice of the Peace where, believing that this was simply another petty harassment, he pleaded not guilty but paid the \$38 in fines under protest as the quickest way to get out of the situation and back to the show. He finished second in the class.

The following morning the show secretary confronted O'Meara with a copy of the Justice of the Peace's guilty verdict, and O'Meara and his five horses were barred from the remainder of the show. This action is mandatory under horse show association rules. Furthermore, the AHSA's enforcement committee will have to take action, and O'Meara could be barred from future shows even though (or maybe because) he is not a member of the association. O'Meara ill-wishers—and there seemed to be a few at Devon—were in a position to feel smug.

Ben promptly hired a lawyer and filed an appeal. He also started collecting signatures of witnesses to the alleged poling, mainly fellow competitors who would profit by his unheralding, and to date has 16 ready to testify on his behalf.

As the day wore on, some of the riders, tempers frayed already, decided to demonstrate dissatisfaction by simply not showing their horses and thus embarrass Devon with an empty ring on a night when there was a standing-room-only crowd. But the boycott got out of hand and, for some, dissatisfaction turned into open defiance. Frank Chapot had his first horse disqualified when he used up his one minute outside the ring. Dressed in cowboy clothes and wearing her number upside down, Kathy Kusner came in, parked her horse in front of the judges and gazed fixedly at a stopwatch until her minute was up. She was disqualified for not wearing the proper attire. Three more riders used up their minutes outside the ring as an expectant audience began to stir restlessly, not knowing just what the demonstration was all about. Milton Kulp Jr. came in on Lillibuck, made a circle and left, and some in the frustrated crowd booed, some clapped and one started yelling for his money back. Danny Lopez came in bareback on his Centaurus and jumped three fences before those ahead of him were pushed over by the jump crew. Dick Hendricks came in on Mrs. Jay Gerson's Red Shoes and with a flourish removed his hard hat. Carol Hofmann on Can't

continued



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Tell wanted to join the boycott but her father insisted that she ride. She did and went clean until the final fence where she stopped her horse—deliberately. It appeared—earning three faults and putting herself out of the final competition.

Meanwhile, at the gate a seething mob had formed. Riders who wanted to compete were unable to get through the crowd. One, in fact, was disqualified under the one-minute rule, but was reinstated when it was learned he was not one of the demonstrators. Fistfights broke out in several spots, while in the hackground Ben O'Meara, smiling benignly, received reports from friends and admirers on who was hitting whom. "Isn't it nice," he said with a radiant smile, "to find you have so many friends?"

The police at the gate sent for the riot squad as one lady screamed over the surging crowd, "Listen to me—stop this! Think of your country! Think what the Russian papers will say about this tomorrow!" At that point a rider was pushed off his horse and came up swinging, so the lady's patriotic plea went un-

heeded. At the ringside a spectator suffered a fatal heart attack, but through all this the class, depleted of horses as it was, went on. It was won, almost two hours after it began, by 17-year-old Cindy Usher on Sweet Cap. The judges left the ring looking as if they had just been released from a cell for the condemned.

The Devon officials did nothing to punish the jumper rebels, and the next day they all showed as usual. No one was eliminated except for the traditional reason of three refusals, but there was a final irony. O'Meara, unable to compete in the last three classes, had previously won enough points with The Hood to tie for the reserve championship. Since he was barred from the ring he could not jump off for the title so the tri-color ribbon went to Bill Steinknus on Fire One.

The American Horse Shows Association must now take action against the demonstrators, but whatever decision is made will probably be unfair to some. There has been talk about "degrees of participation" in the rebellion and there are jumper exhibitors who fear

that one, probably Kathy Kusner, will be singled out as the scapegoat. A few U.S. Equestrian Team supporters are loudly crying for disciplinary retaliation against the three team members who participated in the demonstration, although they were there as individuals at their own expense and not representing the United States. But all three could be barred from the squad in this Olympic year.

When—and if—everyone cools off, the Devon rebellion, despite its questionable taste, may prove to have accomplished some good. It certainly would be helpful if it produced a change in attitude on the part of the often stuffy Devon management toward the legitimate grievances of the exhibitors. These include not only complaints about the events that sparked the boycott but also concern the obsolete and often illegal courses that riders are faced with year after year. A second benefit would be the development of more open minds among the AHSA stewards, who often choose to cover up the mistakes of management rather than protect the interests of the exhibitor.

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Of two better boats, which is more better?

Early trials between England's challengers failed to answer this question, but they augured brisk competition when the races begin



"KURREWA" (LEFT) AND "SOVEREIGN" PROVE TO BE LOOK-ALIKES AND SAIL-ALIKES

In England the last week of May was characterized by the warmest spell of spring weather since 1848. For the crews of the rival 12-meter yachts *Sovereign* and *Kurrewa V*, as well as the assembled flag officers of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, this freak weather was anything but good. Each day the fleet streamed out to find the normally turbulent Solent a placid pond. The fog that is known as "sea mist" blotted out navigational aids. Committee and stake boats shifted courses in fickle cat's-paws, and races, once started, were

turned into travesties by radical shifts of wind. What gave it all a sense of urgency was the universal determination that a "bad show" like the *Sceptre* fiasco of 1958 must not happen again. "We're like cogs that haven't quite meshed," moaned a member of *Kurrewa*'s crew on the final day. "and we don't have any time to waste." Only one more series of trials is scheduled before the English boats are cradled and shipped across the Atlantic for relighting and the final trials to determine which will be the challenger.

The trials just finished were much too inconclusive to give even a hint as to which boat may be chosen. Above the water, the two are almost exactly alike, and below the waterline the difference is almost as minor. Designer David Boyd cast the lead on *Sovereign*'s keel in the wedge shape favored by Olin Stephens; in *Kurrewa* he went back to the bulb shape to get more weight deeper down. But together they leave no doubt that the British have come a long way in 12-meter design since their challenge with *Sceptre*. On Saturday, when *Sceptre* was being towed to the starting line behind *Sovereign* for a race against the trial horse *Narva*, the difference was striking. Where *Sceptre* had the rounded entrance that was the target of so much criticism, *Sovereign* is sharp. Where the older boat had a low bow that gave her the appearance of a weak "droopy snoot," the newer one has a look of power that extends aft to a modern chopped-off reverse transom. It is an open secret that the tank tests of Designer David Boyd's models at Stevens Institute in Hoboken were, in the words of Olin Stephens, "better than anything tested to that time." Since this "anything" included everything but the two new U.S. boats *Constellation* and *American Eagle*, it seems certain the challenger will go to the line with a hull that is not outclassed.

Sails are something else again. Since the New York Yacht Club cup committee ruled that new challengers (unlike Australia's *Gretel*) may not use American sails or sailcloth, British observers have been evaluating the trial races in terms of sails almost more than helmsmen, hulls or crews. When, on the first day that a course could be completed, *Sovereign* beat her rival by a stunning margin of 14 minutes 59 seconds, it was considered a triumph for Bruce Banks, a relative newcomer to English sailmaking. It was only his third attempt at a 12-meter man. *Kurrewa* was using a sail cut by another English loft in that race but, prior to it, using an American mainsail by Ted Hood, she had been superior, especially in light weather.

The next day Colonel R.S.G. (Stug) Perry, at the helm of *Kurrewa*, came to the start with the Hood mainsail set. British calm among the spectators gave way to noticeable excitement. At the

continued



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with son Scott, 4, and Todd, 2.*

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five-minute gun Perry put his bow on the stern of *Sovereign*, sailed by Peter Scott, and a race began in the best Vin-Columbia tradition. Perry rode his adversary away from the line, jibed and led a badly backwinded *Sovereign* past the committee boat. Scott tacked as soon as possible, Perry covered, and the rival winch pumpers found themselves in a tacking duel that lasted to the weather mark, where *Kurrewa* rounded 43 seconds ahead.

During the spinnaker run Scott tried valiantly to break through in a series of maneuvers aimed at cutting Perry's wind. So well did he succeed that *Kurrewa*'s margin was cut to 15 seconds. On the second windward leg another series of short tacks lost distance for Scott, with *Kurrewa* gradually opening out until the head of her genoa pulled away from the luff wire. Prompt setting of an interim jib and new genoa kept her from losing too much distance, and the race went to *Kurrewa* by 19 seconds. Since *Kurrewa* had been beaten by 15 minutes in virtually identical

conditions the day before, there was ample proof of the importance of sails—and a feeling of satisfaction that, despite defeat, the home-grown mainsail had done very well against the Hood. "Now we're getting somewhere," said one rear commodore.

Next morning found the oncoming low-pressure cell still stalled over the Atlantic. In the early afternoon the boats were given a desperation start in a three- to four-knot southerly zephyr, going barely faster than the tide. After preliminary maneuvering *Sovereign* had slightly the better of the start, but *Kurrewa*'s wind was clear. For many minutes the boats sailed side by side so evenly that it seemed they were being towed by invisible wires. Then *Kurrewa* inched out, and *Sovereign* tacked. Another tack and it looked as though she had regained her lead, as Stug Perry went about early rather than challenge. Then the wind died completely. Losing steerage-way, the boats drifted apart. When a new slant struck in from the direction of the Isle of Wight, *Sovereign* got it first and led by 3 minutes 30 seconds at the weather mark. This would normally

be the race, but not with the Solent behaving like Long Island Sound at its worst. On the last lurch of the last leg, after completing an Olympic triangle and sailing once more to windward, a shift of wind through 270° lifted *Kurrewa* into the weather berth. Starting her sheets, she reached down across *Sovereign*'s bow and sharpened up to barely make the line. When Scott had to tack, it was *Kurrewa*'s race by more than two minutes.

On Sunday exactly the opposite took place. After a drifting start, the only fresh breeze of the series filled in, putting *Kurrewa* ahead when *Sovereign* lost distance in tacking to make a headsail change. *Kurrewa* was leading by a wide margin at every mark, but as the boats approached the finish the wind dropped and shifted practically around the compass. *Kurrewa* went from hard on the wind on one tack, through a spinnaker set and jibe, to hard on the wind on the other side. This time it was the trailing *Sovereign*'s turn to win in the last few hundred yards.

All hands agreed that such frustrating conditions could not continue through



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the final day, but overnight they went from no wind to too much. With squalls of gale force predicted and rain slanting down, the race committee signaled cancellation. Of eight races scheduled in the second series of trials only four had been sailed, and all but one of those in conditions that make the total score to date of seven victories to five in *Sovereign's* favor a rather meaningless statistic. Both of David Boyd's new boats are handsome, but he may still be behind the new designs of Olin Stephens and Bill Luders in not reducing wetted surface through pushing forward the rudder post and in not going to the extreme new look in rudders. Moreover, Boyd still favors getting his human weight down low when possible, so his T-shaped cockpits are larger than on their American counterparts, although neither so deep nor so oversize as *Sceptre's*.

Winning their spurs

The rival British helmsmen are as different as their boats are alike. Peter Scott is a short, stocky, balding man of many talents. One of the greatest living

painters of waterfowl, he has the quiet calm of a bird watcher, which indeed he is. But he is also a top glider pilot, President of the International Yacht Racing Union and a successful racing skipper in the smaller classes. I glimpsed in his small black notebook beautifully executed drawings of every tactical situation encountered in both sets of trials, each annotated and analyzed.

Stug Perry is a career army officer, tall, direct and decisive, whose sailing achievements include winning the 5.5-meter-class silver medal in the 1956 Olympic Games. He gives the impression of being a hell-for-leather driver, riding his boat like a horse. Shipmates claim he clucks encouragement in the right spots, and even nudges with his heels to get moving. As Owen Atcher, the famed yachtsman who is directing *Karreena's* campaign, commented, "Stug will be all right if he doesn't kick his spurs through the bottom."

A minus for both boats in comparison to American practice is the fact that losing headsails are rarely changed during a leg. As one accustomed to seeing genoas and spinnakers shuttle up and

down in search of a faster combination when a boat drops back, I found it something of a surprise to watch the British 12s take a beating mile after mile without trying to do something about it. Perhaps one reason lies in the scant selection of sails in the lockers. As Peter Scott commented, "No matter how you work on the chassis or paint the body, a car can't go without a motor." Nor a boat without a sail. At present Bruce Banks, a former dinghy champion who went into sailmaking because he could not buy what he wanted, seems England's brightest hope. *Karreena* and *Sovereign* each ordered two additional mastsails from Banks after the trials.

It would be inaccurate to report that all is sweet optimism at the moment on the challenger's side of the Atlantic. Everyone has a realistic approach to the difficulties, and a certainty that the defender will be a hard boat to beat. Yet neither is there defeatism. "We're doing things we never did before," said one Englishman, "and we're trying harder than ever before. We feel that perhaps it will show off Newport." **END**

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THE AMATEUR HOUR IN PRO SPORTS

BY BIL GILBERT

Professional golfers will make the news and money at next week's U.S. Open, but only because a most nonprofessional group of club members organized everything from police-dog patrols to 'modes of dress'

THE CHIEF: Frank Murphy—shown with pro Wiffy Cox (right)—deserved his own business to run Open.

History offers ample proof that if you give amateurs a large enough goal they go after it with more verve, fervor and confidence of sweeping success than professionals can ever muster. Amateur infantrymen won world wars, amateur voyagers discovered Plymouth Rock, amateur zealots led Crusades, and no pro from the Nile to the Tiber ever commanded a hotter burge than an amateur named Cleopatra. Next week, the U.S. Open golf championship will be held at Congressional Country Club in Washington, D.C., and once again it will be proved that if you can harness the energy of the amateur you can forget about the atom.

The Open ranks in both hoopla and prestige with such annual spectacles as the World Series, the NFL Playoff and the Kentucky Derby, yet each year it is presented, in all its awesome complexity, essentially by the membership of the country club where the event is played. A field of competitors is provided by the United States Golf Association, which ranks as a co-host, advice is offered by USGA officials who have been overseeing Opens since 1895, and warnings of horrible pitfalls are given at length by the club that put on the previous year's tournament. The rest—from tent pegs to parking stickers to teletype machines to programs to concessions to squads of police and armies of marshals—is up to eager neophytes whose closest previous connection with big-time sport has been finding their seats in a stadium. It is the amateur hour of sports promotion, it is surprisingly successful and it is sublime to behold.

If Congressional Country Club's plans are realized, this year's Open is likely to top them all. There is more prize money (\$97,800) at stake than has been offered at any previous Open, and the lucky 150 who make it to the tournament proper will challenge the longest Open course (7,053 yards).

While these records may be of interest to golfers, fans, reporters and other outsiders, they are more or less of incidental significance to the Ins of Congressional Country Club and the USGA. The Ins are agog in anticipation of a whole litter of what might be called ancillary hostesses. Barring some really major disaster, the '64 Open is expected to draw bigger crowds (70,000) and take in more money (\$700,000) than any Open since the thing began. Building on these predictions, Congressional is preparing to outdo all its past competitors in such events as selling hot dogs, beer, scorecards, 272-page programs and periscopes (with daily galleries of up to 30,000 it will be hard to see, let alone

continued



SECURITY *Lieut. Tom Wilson is responsible for guarding Congressional and its galleries. K-9 Corporal has been on duty for weeks.*

tell the players, without a periscope). Plans are being made to park 11,000 automobiles around the course, police and medical helicopters will be ready near it, and underneath it three and a half miles of telephone cable have been laid to satisfy the craving of the crowd and the outside world for knowledge of what is happening. Some 50 Burns detectives, 400 marshals, four first-aid tents and 10 batteries of portable toilets are expected to be fully occupied. For good measure, this will be the first completely uniformed Open 1955 officials, scorers, caddies, etc., will be draped in 3,000 yards of the stretchiest red, white and blue stretch fabric available, the first Open to be guarded by K-9 Corps operatives and the first Open to be insured by Lloyd's against cancellation.

Though statistics in this category are skimpy, the '64 Open may also have a record-sized general chairman in the person of 6-foot-4, 210-pound Frank J. Murphy Jr. Two years ago, when Con-

gressional was awarded the tournament by the USGA, Murphy, an intense, broody Irish type, simply walked off from his Arlington, Va. real-estate business in order to devote full time to Open affairs. Much of what is making this a very large golf tournament stems directly from the persistent activity and insistent manner of this large golf promoter.

"Every man ought to make a constructive contribution to society at some stage in his life," says Murphy, explaining his Open motives in a ferocious whisper. Since he has contributed two working years, gratis, to getting ready for one week of golf, this statement of principle can be taken at face value. However, it should not be inferred that the "constructive contribution" of staging the Open was forced on either Murphy or Congressional. The club volunteered, and volunteered persistently, for what one less-than-enchanted member has termed the "Open ordeal."

In 1955 Congressional formally ap-

plied to the USGA to host the 1958 Open, but was turned down with the suggestion that its 18-hole course did not meet championship standards. Taking up this challenge, Congressional started in 1956 to make \$300,000 worth of improvements that included the construction of a third nine by Robert Trent Jones, the Le Corbusier of golf architects. More or less as a test run for both the course and members, the USGA awarded the 1959 Women's Amateur (Frank Murphy, chairman) to Congressional. In May 1962, following further negotiations and more course revisions, the '64 Open was granted to Congressional. Since it was to be the first Open held in the District of Columbia area since 1921, official joy, as the saying goes, reigned supreme. A Washington sportswriter exuberated, "The greatest thing since the Senators won two in a row." Murphy, who manages to contain exuberance well, said, "We have to get started right away. Two years is

JAMES ORRIS



MODES OF EVERYTHING Mrs. Cliff Battles (left), fashion coordinator for a Washington store, outfitted 955 marshals, me-

surgers and scorers in red, white and blue—then added modes of fragrance and makeup to insure all ladies would be uniform.

not a very long time and this is a hell of a job."

Anything that aims at collecting 70,000 people in one spot can legitimately be described as a hell of a job, but there are certain built-in difficulties that make an Open more hellish than the average presentation. To begin with, golf and golf courses are not designed for spectators. The action of a golf tournament is spread over more ground—Congressional occupies 256 acres—than a tiger hunt. Normally, golf courses comfortably accommodate 150 or so people in foursomes, walking along at a moderate pace, separated by a few hundred yards of turf. When, as in the case of the Open, hordes of spectators, a thousand or so officials, TV men, photographers, reporters, hot dog vendors, walkie-talkie-carrying scorekeepers and ambulance drivers, all in frantic motion, are added to the players, chaos is not only possible, it is highly probable. Nevertheless, every year, through Herculean efforts by the

host club, this mob is assembled and contained, after a fashion. Then, at the completion of the three-day tournament, the elaborate facilities and ingenious arrangements are scrapped—permanently. The next year the whole hullabaloo moves on to another country club, equally but uniquely unprepared to accommodate it. Finally, one must constantly remember that all this is being done by true-blue beginners. Exclusive of the brigade of press men, some 1,500 people will work for the '64 Open. Caddies, cops, concessionaires, the K-9 Corps and other professionals number about 500. Most of the remainder of the labor force is recruited from the membership rolls of the host club. By way of comparison, the Kentucky Derby, though less complicated in such things as crowd control, employs a staff of 6,000, few of whom presumably work for the love of it. There is the further difficulty that since the Open's volunteers are donating both their time and club to the tourna-

ment they cannot be commanded as firmly as a professional staff is. "You don't tell a club member what to do," explains Frank Hannigan, USGA tournament relations manager—and that means as cordial relations as possible. "You negotiate."

The principal USGA contribution toward getting ready for the Open is to supervise the preparation of the course. As co-sponsor of the tournament, the USGA controls all matters affecting the play, the players, the pairings and the prizes. In turn, it takes all the entry fees, television money, 60% of the gate receipts and 12½% of the advertising revenue from the program.

When it awarded the club the 1964 Open, the USGA obviously implied that Congressional could become a championship course but, as everyone involved has discovered during the past 25 months, the difference between a potential Open course and the Open course is considerable. Joseph C. Dey, Jr., the

continued



MARSHALS Jim Shickoff, in charge of crowd control, has had no trouble drafting an army of heads to go under hundreds of helmets, even though his troops must pay *own way in*



MEDICAL Dr. Richard Sullivan, the first-aid chairman, is set for sunburn, blisters or bites.



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AMATEUR HOUR *continued*

USGA executive director, has made a dozen or so painstaking inspections of the premises. Customarily he has been accompanied by USGA greens experts ("golf agronomists" they are called these days); Willy Cox, the Congressional pro; John Henley, the grounds superintendent; Chairman Murphy; and occasionally the maestro of the bent, Robert Trent Jones. This high command shuffled through Congressional's 27 holes as if they were a deck of cards. The hand they have finally dealt is made up of 16 holes from Congressional's first and third nines plus two from the middle nine. Par for the already long course has been shaved from 72 to 70. Jones and Dey sprinkled additional sand traps, bunkers and jungle thickets of rough all over the Congressional map. Behind them, Henley has sprinkled 7,000 pounds of grass seed and about 200 tons of various grass tones to bring the vegetation up to lush snuff for the June 18 deadline.

In the process of revamping the course the existing 17th was snatched out of sequence and made the 18th hole for the Open. It was so honored because the green is situated in a natural amphitheater that will hold 20,000 spectators plus television impedimenta. Also, this 465-yard par-4 is what the golfing fraternity calls a "representative tournament test." This means it is calculated to play Old Clootie with a golf score. Among a variety of hazards, the pear-shaped 18th green (see page 39) is guarded on a little better than three sides by a small lake. Having already begun to anticipate the collision between this hole and the game's best players with a certain satiristic glee, Dey, Jones, et al. were agast one day to see an 18-handicap golfer, one John McWilliams, top an approach shot that rolled between the encircling bays of water right onto the putting surface. Dey and Jones, on the spot, decreed that a 15-foot-wide barrier of rough be erected across the skinny promontory that connects the green to the fairway. Nobody was going to roll a ball onto their green in front of God, NBC television and everybody. While Mr. McWilliams presumably will not be in contention for the 1964 Open title, he can

watch it with the knowledge that he has had a good bit to do with who will be.

While there was a certain amount of fun and agony to be had in getting the course ready, this operation was essentially a technical sideshow for the Congressional members. Tournament Chairman Murphy was more directly concerned with 1) getting the Open players and crowds on and off the course as painlessly as possible and 2) making enough money out of the proceedings so that the club could at least break even on the small fortune it will lay out in direct expenses.

With these objectives unshakably in mind, he began to line up his "volunteer" committees in the late spring and summer of 1962. Murphy does not have much of the hail-fellow-well-met blarney popularly assigned to Irishmen but, at least in regard to the Open, he compensates by being totally dedicated to getting his way.

"I got you down for a job handling the police end of the thing. You don't know anything about police? We're all going to learn. I'll be talking to you."

"Why am I on the Police Committee?" shrugs Jim Bernhard, a Washington dentist. "Because Frank Murphy asked me. He is a very, very difficult man to say no to."

Somewhat as 19th century generals dropped in on foreign wars as official observers, Murphy and his committee-men visited the 1962 Open at Pittsburgh's Oakmont Country Club. Though some were temporarily subdued at the first-hand preview of what was in store when zero hour would strike for them, the Congressional commanders did bring back a rallying cry for their troops: "Beat Oakmont." Archivists who deal in such matters have credited Oakmont with setting Open records with 62,300 total attendance, \$355,000 in admissions and \$625,000 in gross revenue for the club.

Among those most serious about beating Oakmont has been Jack Alford, brevetted admissions chairman for the '64 Open. Alford, a builder and real-estate developer in suburban Montgomery County, has been able to adapt some of the sales techniques of his profession to his avocation of pushing Open tick-

Continued



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AMATEUR HOUR *continues*

ets. A pre-Christmas flyer is indicative of Alfandre's enthusiasm and style. "Friend . . . you are a golfer. Ten to one most of your friends are golfers too, so what would be easier than to give each of them an Admission Season Ticket to the '64 Open Championship? It doesn't even matter if they are not golfers, no one can help but enjoy the thrill and camaraderie of this great, once in a lifetime, outstanding Sporting spectacle."

"We have a great product, I mean you can't top the Open, but to sell anything you have to have exposure," says Alfandre, analyzing his operations. "Some of our members are big radio personalities in this area—disc jockeys—and that is a break. Those boys have really plugged the Open. I mean, they have really sold for us."

Backing up the deejays, Alfandre's committee mailed out 80,000 sales letters to other clubs, plastered the Middle Atlantic area with posters, and sent Wifly Cox and other representatives around to a series of banquets, luncheons and sports gatherings to beat the drums for the Open. By the end of April, Congressional had taken in \$200,000 in advance admissions, which put it well ahead of Oakmont at the same stage in the ticket game.

Of all the Congressional chairmen, Jim Shinkoff, a Washington representative for an aerospace supplier (and previously a University of Illinois footballer and shortstop for the Jersey City Giants), has approached his assignment in the most military manner, and with good reason. His job is the gallery. During the winter he stockpiled mobile communication equipment and recruited and drilled the 400 marshals who will serve as Congressional's counterinsurgency force. During Open week, Shinkoff will operate from a command post in Congressional's tennis shop and will be ready for any sort of desperate maneuver on the part of the crowd. However, his pretournament work has been relatively easy. Even though each of the marshals will pay his way into the Open ("this town is nuts about golf"), Shinkoff's problem has been that of diplomatically turning down would-be marshals rather than recruiting enough of them,

"We have a Deputy Undersecretary of Defense taking the week off to help us," he says. "An active-duty Navy captain is going to leave his ship in Boston and fly down. The military is nuts about golf. Those Army and Navy boys are going to make good marshals. I mean, your average colonel or commander or whatever knows how to handle himself with a crowd." As additional help, the USGA has 10 miles of rope that it stakes out, giving Shinkoff's marshals something to keep the crowd behind. "Right after the Open we ship the rope to the club that will need it the next year," says Hannigan. "Collect."

The hard core of Shinkoff's troops will be made up of volunteers from 19 Washington-area golf clubs, each of which will, alone or with allies, marshal one hole. Additionally, Shinkoff will hold back 60 or so marshals for emergencies. This mobile reserve is recruited from among Congressional members and the Washington citizenry at large. "Everybody has a brother or a client or a patient that wants in," says Shinkoff. "I've had some touchy PR problems. Take the Washington police department. I know a lot of boys on the force. I get a call. They want to come out, but you know what they make on the force isn't much. All right. We decide we will let 18 a day in free if they come in uniform. They won't be on duty, but those blue uniforms are not going to do any harm."

Copwise, even without Shinkoff's 18 freebies, the '64 Open will be in good shape. "It is extremely difficult to predict what may happen when you get thousands of people together in one place," says Tom Wilson, a soft-spoken attorney who heads the hard-sounding Security Committee. "So we are going to be prepared for almost anything." Outside Congressional's grounds—which are actually in Maryland—a good share of the State of Maryland's and Montgomery County's finest will be deployed on foot, and in motorcycles, squad cars and helicopters, contending with traffic snarls. The principal access to the club is provided by River Road, which at this point is a countryside two-lane highway. Traffic soothsayers esti-

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mate that 500 cars an hour can pass a given point on River Road. Rudimentary mathematics suggests that the best bet for getting to the Open in one day is to take one of the buses that will be shuttling back and forth between Congressional and various points in suburban and metropolitan Washington.

Inside the grounds, Wilson has provided for a minimum of 50 hired detectives to guard gates, money and property. Plainclothes and pickpocket squads will circulate through the crowds to discourage free-lance concessionaires. Pre-tournament vandalism has also been of concern, since tearing up golf courses is fast becoming as popular a suburban sport as throwing cherry bombs at churches. On the eve of both the 1963 U.S. Open at Brookline and the 1964 Los Angeles Open some greens were carved up, and in one case a dead snake was deposited in a flag cup. Congressional itself has one green that still shows scars from the night that vandals drove a car through a locked fence gate and then round and round on the putting surface. Even though Congressional's grounds are enclosed with four miles of six-foot-high fence, Wilson reflected on the technical brilliance of modern hipsters and decided he was not satisfied with security arrangements. He signed up the Montgomery County K-9 Corps unit to mount a nighttime watch on the ground from May through the Open week. How many dogs? "Let us say numerous dogs," parries Wilson, with a lawyer's caution. "That will discourage anyone who might want to go out and count them at night."

The medical behavior of the Open crowds is expected to be more predictable. Some people are bound to get sick or hurt. At Brookline in 1963 some 350 members of the audience required medical attention. With this past performance to guide him, plus the estimate that this year's crowd will be larger, Dr. Richard Sullivan, the first-aid chairman, has collected 90 nurses and first-aiders, four first-aid tents, a treatment and communications tent, ambulances and a resuscitation truck. There will be two physicians on duty at the Open, and 30 more will be available for emergencies or to

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take calls from players or out-of-town spectators. "We're ready," says Sullivan. "Heart attacks, foreign bodies in the eye (up to the size of a golf ball), sunstroke, getting trampled on. We've even got an obstetrician on call. You never can tell."

Providing a medical-referral register is only one of the services that the club has arranged for the touring players and their families. Rooms have been set aside in Washington hotels, and cars driven by Congressional volunteers will pick up the players and take them to and from the club. Even baby-sitters for pros traveling with their children have been stockpiled.

"It's all very nice," says Wiffy Cox, who, among other things, has acted as the club's adviser on the care and feeding of golf professionals. "But it is a lot different than the old days." Cox is a veteran of the tour in the '20s and '30s and was on the 1931 Ryder Cup team.

"When I played in the first Open that was ever held in Washington, I came into town, found myself a room, picked up my clubs and rode out to the course on a trolley car. If I had lost my way it would have been my tough luck. I am not knocking these modern arrangements. Very nice, and the boys will appreciate it all. It is just different."

While most of what has been done for the 1964 Open had to be done, right down to settling what soft drink the concession stands would sell (Pepsi bubbled past Coke after some tense competition), there are certain frills done just for dash. "License plates," says Frank Hannigan. "In '58 at Tulsa they put out the first U.S. Open license plates. Now there are full-size license plates in solid plastic. This year we were asked what the specifications are for the Open plates. None. We don't care whether they have plates or not, but each of the clubs likes to do everything up big-

ger and better than the ones before."

In the matter of uniforms, which first appeared at Cherry Hills in 1960, Congressional seems to have gone about as far as you can go, so far in fact that the '64 uniforms may be remembered after the tournament is forgotten. Congressional will outfit, from their lion hunters' helmets to Hush Puppies shoes, all of the officials, messengers, scorers and caddies in what might be called shocking-red, white and blue uniforms. Only at Congressional they do not say uniforms—they say "modes of dress." "Uniform sounds so inelegant," says Edith Battles, herself an extremely elegant lady who is largely responsible for both the modes of dress and the terminology. Mrs. Battles, wife of the former NFL halfback, Cliff Battles, is the fashion coordinator of Woodward & Lothrop, a Washington department store. (Cliff has the comparatively simple job of rounding up caddies for the Open. "No problem,

continued

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AMATEUR HOUR *continued*

except discouraging the people who want Junior to caddy for Arnold Palmer. We're using only regulars, from Congressional and other clubs.")

"Since so many people are going to see our Open, Mr. Murphy and the committee decided we should have something really chic for the mode of dress," explains the chic, chatty Mrs. Battles. "Fashion-wise, the only difficulty was that they decided our colors should match the stationery they had already ordered. Isn't that just like men, picking the stationery and then the mode of dress. But we did our best."

Mrs. Battles' best was considerable. Starting with her 3,000 yards of "Du Pont stretch fabric by Klepman," she dickered with various cloak-and-suiters for such resplendent items as "bright-red blazers with gold buttons, stretch navy blue slacks, Mr. Golf shirts in red" for the men, and "bright-navy A-line skirts, crisp white shirts, bright-red sleeveless easy jerkins" for the ladies. "With 955 red, white and blue outfits brightening up the golf course, the Congressional Country Club will really make fashion headlines," Mrs. Battles predicts. It already has.

The modes of dress were safely hung in Congressional closets by March, and Mrs. Battles was able to turn her attention to such things as modes of smell and modes of makeup. "A large cosmetics house has been terribly excited about our Open," she confides. The terrible excitement has been made manifest in several exotic ways. The cosmetic firm has already produced an "Evening of Fragrance" in the Congressional clubhouse. The Evening of Fragrance consisted of cosmetic-detail boys and girls liberally dousing the crowd with "intimate perfumes" and "masculine colognes." Ah, there is a vision worth conjuring up: Walter Hagen at an Evening of Fragrance.

The same cosmetic firm has also furnished compacts for the 125 uniformed—mode-of-dressed—ladies who will act as officials during the Open. "The compacts are lovely," says Mrs. Battles, "and the lipsticks and powders are selected to complement our colors."

Ladies being as they are, suppose they

continued



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AMATEUR HOUR

do not use the red, white and blue complementing preparations? "We will have an inspection each morning," says Mrs. Battles. But suppose they just do not want to, even after morning muster? "Well, I suppose if some individual were so uncooperative as to spoil the whole effect, we would just have to take away her mode of dress."

The very suggestion that there could possibly be such a thing as a Congressional member who was less than thrilled at the prospect of hosting the U.S. Open sounds a faint downbeat note in the otherwise lively proceedings. Such things as the toughened golf course, closing off certain sections for refurbishing, not being able to enter the grounds of their own club during the Open without buying a ticket, fretting about possible damage to the club and the financial risks have all contributed to a little muted, underground grumping.

However, it is obvious that, as Murphy and other Open advocates claim, the vast majority of the members are solidly behind the project. Any sizable opposition party would have made it impolitic for Congressional to seek the Open and impossible to have prepared for it so successfully. Considering the time, money and nervous energy that a club must expend in getting ready for this tournament, the real wonder is that so many members want the Open, not that a few oppose it. "Actually, the Open is our easiest tournament to place," says the USGA's Hanington. "The selection committee has five or six clubs to choose from each year."

"It's the prestige," is the reason advanced by member after member at Congressional. "Maybe 100,000 golfers are going to be here. Millions are going to read about it and see it on TV. If I go to Arizona, Florida, anywhere, and they say, 'Where do you play?' when I say Congressional they are going to say, 'Oh yeah, that's where they had that great Open. Beautiful course.'"

There is also the possibility that they may say, oh yeah, that was the red, white and blue Open, or the place with police dogs, or the course where a baby was delivered on the 9th tee. However, as the man said, nothing great is achieved without suffering. Next year St. Louis. **END**



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BASEBALL'S WEEK

AMERICAN LEAGUE All-round efficiency (10 home runs, nine double plays, solid pitching) lifted BALTIMORE (5-1) into first place. Boog Powell hit five homers, Luis Aparicio stole five bases, and Dave McNally shut out the A's. In addition to their wins and saves, the Oriole relievers were recording "scares." Reliever Dick Hall explained: "A scare is credited only when a relief pitcher does not enter a game. When hitters are faced with the imposing spectacle of one of us warming up, they begin to tremble. Then they submit to our starting pitcher because they do not want to bat against us." KANSAS CITY (1-5), which will try anything, hired a taxi to deliver its relievers to the mound. Last week the taxi racked up plenty of mileage, for the A's needed 15 relief pitchers. If nothing else, the Athletic pitchers had long and colorful names: Montague, Santiago, O'Donoghue, Handrahan, Bowsfield, Drabowsky, Grzenda. To improve its pitching, the team planned to spend \$500,000 on bonus boys, and the first was a pitcher with a nice short name—John Lee Odum. It was MORTON (4-3) more than any other club that kept the K.C. taxi rolling, scoring 22 runs against the A's in two games. Dick Stuart hit three homers, including his third grand slam of the season. Lee Thomas, in his first two games after being acquired from the Angels, had six hits, two of them home runs. Lou Clinton, who went to LOS ANGELES (4-3) in that trade, homered in his first game with the Angels, a 3-2 win against the Yankees. Bob Lee picked up a save in that game, his third of the week. In all, the Angels won four straight. For the first time since the opening week, CHICAGO (5-3) lost two in a row. Second baseman Al Weis cut his head while doing chin-ups on the edge of the dugout, and the two games he missed were those two defeats. Cumulo Pascual cut

his finger while shaving and Jim Kaat hurt his shoulder, thus depriving MINNESOTA (3-4) of its two best pitchers. Nevertheless, left-handers Dick Stigman and Gerry Arrigo beat the Yankees. NEW YORK (3-4) hit only .228 and stranded 64 runners. Only shutout pitching saved the Yankees. Whitley Ford blanked the Twins, and Jim Bouton and Bill Stafford stopped the Angels 2-0 in 15 innings. DETROIT (1-4) lost four in a row and had trouble off the field as well. Frank Lary, sold to the Mets, accused Manager Charlie Oressen of being "too strict." Countered Oressen: "If anything, I'm softer than most managers," and a majority of the Tigers agreed. WASHINGTON (2-3) went three games without an error, but when the Senators made one it was costly. Catcher Mike Brumley pulled a Mickey Owen-type error on what should have been the final out, and the Indians went on to score four times and win 9-6. Outfielder Fred Valentine let a ball bounce out of his glove for a home run, giving the Indians a 6-4 win. With help like that, plus good pitching from Sam McQuinn (two wins, 14 strikeouts in one game) and four home runs by Leon Wagner, CLEVELAND won five of eight.

NATIONAL LEAGUE Eleven of the 30 games last week were decided in the final inning. CINCINNATI (5-2) provided much of the drama. Three times the Reds won in the ninth, first with a two-run rally, then on a three-run homer by Frank Robinson, and finally on a four-run upramp. Bob Purkey started the week by shutting out the Cardinals, and John Taitouris and Sammy Ellis combined to end the week the same way. Del Crandall's pinch double in the 23rd inning gave SAN FRANCISCO (5-2) an 8-6 win over the Mets. Other clutch hitters were Harvey Kuenn, whose pinch hit beat the Phillies in the 11th, and Tom Haller, whose

home run in the ninth also upended the Phillies and put the Giants back into the league lead. PHILADELPHIA (3-3) fans were not dismayed. Everywhere they went—supermarkets, public meetings, the office—they carried transistor radios to keep tabs on their Phillies. NEW YORK (2-4) fans merely showed up at Shea Stadium, 171,913 of them for five dates. Galen Cisco shut out the Dodgers on four hits. And the Mets scored seven runs in one inning, equalling their all-time high. That was more runs than CHICAGO (4-2) scored in any full game, but Billy Williams (.417) beat the Braves with a 10th-inning homer, and Ron Santo's two-run drive edged the Cardinals 2-1. Sandy Koufax of LOS ANGELES (3-3) beat the Pirates but complained that "I haven't felt right so far. Maybe one of these days I'll wake up." When he awoke four days later, though, he might have felt he was dreaming, for he defeated the Phillies by pitching the third no-hitter of his career. Two of HOUSTON'S no-hit pitchers—Ken Johnson (this year against the Reds) and Don Nottebart (last season against the Phillies)—were driven from the mound. A third, Don Larsen, who pitched a perfect game for the Yankees in the 1956 World Series, saved the Colts' lone win in four games. PITTSBURGH (3-2) settled for a pair of five-hitters by Bob Veale and Steve Blass for two wins against the Giants. The Pirates wound up the week by coming through with five hits and three runs with two out in the ninth to defeat the Colts. Lee Maye's two-run single with two out in the ninth gave MILWAUKEE (2-4) a win over the Cubs. Danny Lemaster picked up the other victory, a 3-2 game against the Reds in which he struck out 10 men. ST. LOUIS pitchers hit .471 and Charlie James batted .375, but the rest of the Cardinals were .191. The result was five losses in seven games.



DEAN CHANCE: A WALK TO AIM AT

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

Sandy Koufax of the Dodgers is the toast of Los Angeles, and rightly so. There are, however, other players in Los Angeles, and one of the best is 23-year-old Dean Chance of the Angels. Early this season Chance shut out the Yankees on three hits. Last week he faced them again, but first he warmed up by beating Boston 1-0, striking out 15 batters—a regular Koufax performance. Enter the Yankees. This time Chance gave them only one hit in nine innings, shutting them out. Trouble is, the Angels could not score either, so the game continued. When Chance went out for a pinch batter after 14 innings, the score was still 0-0 and he had allowed only three singles. Although

the Angels lost, there were two salient and soothing thoughts: Chance had helped lead the biggest Angel crowd of the season (30,496) at a time when the poor Angels desperately need crowds. He had also extended his string of scoreless innings against the Yankees to 39, dating back to last September 25. Angel fans like to point out that when the Dodgers' Koufax was Chance's age, he had a 4.47 ERA, averaged seven walks a game and led the league in wild pitches. Chance has an ERA of 1.66, has averaged only three walks a game and has thrown only two wild pitches all year. All of which means that if Dean Chance can pitch three no-hitters, win 25 games plus two more in the World Series, he too can be the toast of Los Angeles.

545

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

BRICKS AND THE BRICKYARD

Sirs:

Picking a winner in the 500 is like shooting at a flock of fast-moving ducks. I guess you fellows just picked the right duck.

Congratulations on your forecast, and thank you for the sparkling Rob Ottum story on A. J. Foyt (*Driver in a Tight Corner*, June 1).

DICK DAILEY

Lutrope, Pa.

Sirs:

How do you do it? You were the only national magazine to give Cassin Clay even half a chance of beating Sonny Liston. You picked Northern Dancer to win the Kentucky Derby. And, last but not least, you put A. J. Foyt on your cover for Indianapolis. After watching Clay pummel Liston, Northern Dancer take the roses and Foyt coast to victory at the 500, I could no longer withhold my praise. Congratulations on a fine job!

ART LEAVENS

Kirkwood, Mo.

Sirs:

Now that A. J. Foyt has won the infamous Indy 500 (at the cost of two other racers' lives) and proved the Offy roadsters still hold the edge over rear-engined cars (*The Magnificent and the Marauder*, June 8), let's stop this macabre showing of foolish speed that kills!

FRED E. LANGLEY

Waltham, Mass.

Sirs:

Auto racing is a dangerous profession. Drivers like Eddie Sachs and Dave MacDonald who enter it voluntarily know and accept this. I cannot speak for MacDonald, but I know Sachs loved racing and the 500, and he would have been the last one to want the tragedy of his and MacDonald's deaths in the 500 to be used as a weapon to hurt the sport.

As races go, the 500 is remarkably safe. There had not been a death in the race for five years preceding this year's tragedy. Even this year there were only the breakdowns of the Clark and Jones cars to mark it further, and there was not a single driver failure in the 198 laps following the fatal accident.

In the last five years of safe 500s the crowds have steadily risen, not fallen. It is not death that draws interest, but the performance of brave and skilled men in magnificently prepared machines in the face of danger. The loss of Sachs and MacDonald is a great one. But the 500 is a great race,

and we would not want to lose it or the new theater-TV exposure of it. Sachs and MacDonald would not have wanted it. Remember, both drove in races in which men were killed, yet they continued in the sport they loved.

Do not let the doomayers and sob sisters spoil their memory. Let us regret their loss, but be proud of them.

BILL LIBBY

Los Angeles

GOLDEN BUD

Sirs:

I would like to thank you for the recent coverage you gave me and the sport of marathon racing following my victory at Yonkers, N.Y. (*Straight Man in a Twisty Race*, June 1).

For the past four years, while running abroad, I've done my very best to be a good ambassador for my country and have always tried to maintain the very best relations with the Amateur Athletic Union. The single quotation you used concerning me and the AAU would give the impression there was some animosity between myself and that organization. Actually, my association with the AAU—prior to leaving the U.S. in 1980, again last summer on tour in Russia and yet again at Yonkers a week ago—has been excellent.

I do not, in any case, want to do anything to jeopardize this fine relationship or to indicate in any way that the AAU has anything but the best interests of all athletes in mind.

It was a pity that what was otherwise a very colorful and informative article had to be disfigured by belaboring certain "eccentricities." I might have

I pointed out to your reporter that drinking beer by an athlete is viewed in an entirely different light in England than it is here in America. I hope the American youngsters will take special notice of the intensive training I do (about 125-130 miles a week) and view the more sensational aspects of the article in their proper perspective.

BUDDY EDELEN

Westcliff-on-Sea, England

Sirs:

It's about time you had an article on Buddy Edelen. He has been running marathons in Europe for some time now, and this is the first time the American people have been given the particulars on one of the best chances of the U.S. for a marathon gold medal since the year one.

BRUCE BALL

Woonsocket, S. Dak.

Sirs:

John Lovesey's article on Buddy Edelen was informative and interesting, but the caption that "he is the best American marathon runner ever" is not only misleading but untrue. He could very well become the greatest marathon runner in U.S. history, but at this premature date it is too early for such sweeping generalities.

Greatness in marathon running, possibly more than any phase of active sport, is based on longevity as well as consistent success at the highest competitive level possible. Buddy has never competed in the Olympic Games. This single fact alone disallows the claim of his all-time greatness.

Let's give the boy at least five to eight more years of successful marathon running before calling him the greatest ever.

JOHN LUCAS

Head Track Coach, Penn State U.
University Park, Pa.

GOLDEN BUSTER

Sirs:

That was a real nice story Robert H. Boyle did on Buster Mathis (*He the Fair with Fast Buster*, June 1). I thought you might like to know some more about the boy. He is quite a credit to our city!

Bus loves kids and has been a fine influence on underprivileged children in our local boxing tournaments. He helped teach a lot of boys how to box, and some of them went on to win city and state titles. They will tell you Buster had a lot to do with their success, and they will also tell you that they helped Buster to win the national crown and the Olympic trials—by sparring with him. Buster will agree. He helped the boys and they helped him!

When Buster got back home from the Olympic trials, he visited the children at Juvenile Home. He played basketball with them. He loves the kids, and the feeling is definitely mutual.

LEONARD LAJARRIE

Grand Rapids

Sirs:

Your article on Buster Mathis reminded me of my own amateur boxing career.

This was in Clovis, N. Mex. some years ago. Some friends of mine became interested in boxing and decided that they would enter the Golden Gloves, which at that time was held in Amarillo, Texas, about 100 miles away. I never was sure just how it happened, but I ended up sending in my entry just like the others. I gave them my name and address, my age (15), my classification (novice) and my weight (260).

continued



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19TH HOLE continued

I suppose whoever read my entry blank thought I was kidding because, to my great relief, I never heard a word from them. It is nice now to be able to sit on the sidelines and say, "Hit 'em one for me, Buster!"

DAVID L. TRAVIS

Glassboro, N.J.

Sirs:

Bob Boyle's Olympic trials boxing story conveys a distorted impression of the makeup of the squad selected by the Olympic Committee. He is telling the reader that the AAU team walked away with the biggest slice of titles—even though the armed forces contributed over half of the entries.

The truth is that seven of the 10 divisions were won by members of the services and 11 of 14 alternates are similarly servicemen.

GEORGE MARKER

Washington

DIAL-A-SOUVENIR

Sirs:

Your recent SCHRECKARD note (May 18) that Ralph Branca's brother was about to purchase some old grandstand seats from the Polo Grounds made me think your readers might be interested in my efforts to do the same. My secretary began the deal, innocently enough, by dialing the Polo Grounds and explaining what she wanted to a woman who answered. The woman told her that she should call the New York Mets, which she did. The woman who took her call at the Mets' office informed her that the Polo Grounds had been sold to the City of New York, and that she should contact the New York Housing Authority. The Housing Authority operator said they didn't handle such matters there but that she would transfer the call to someone who did.

The someone listened politely, then offered to switch the call to the personnel office. The personnel people just laughed.

Mine is a persistent secretary, however, and she dialed the Housing Authority again. This time a gentleman answered and assured her that the demolition department could help. It did, by giving her the number of the Wrecking Corporation of America, which had been awarded the contract to tear down the Polo Grounds.

At this point, having repeated herself 10 times, my secretary inexplicably resigned from the fray, leaving me to make the final and finally successful call.

Since then, I have made that last sad trip to the Polo Grounds. Three seats that were once joined proudly together in section 16 of the lower stands behind first base now occupy a place of honor in my hallway. There is even a chunk of gum stuck under one of them. And my secretary is very pleased to know that she did not dial in vain.

WINFRED A. CARLOUGH JR.

New York City

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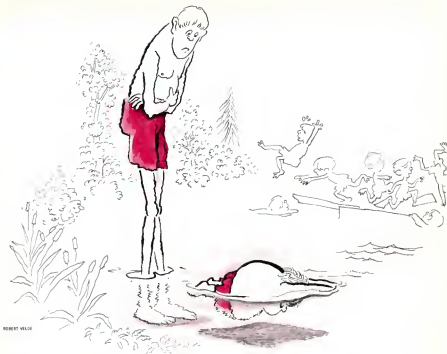
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ROBERT VELLO

No Way Out for a Nervous Counselor

by BILL BRYAN

The summer that I was 18 I worked as a counselor in a boys' camp in New Hampshire, an employment obtained for me by my father. This was a gratuitous service on his part, since I had not planned to fritter away my vacation working. Before I could enter more than a token demurrer, however, the matter was settled and I was sold down the river to the Young Men's Christian Association as a cabin counselor and assistant swimming instructor.

The camp was a pleasant place of rustic cabins, pines and birches, set by a lake remarkable for its clarity and coldness. There were acres of baseball fields, volleyball and basketball courts and other appurtenances of outdoor living. My colleagues, nearly all about my own

age, seemed quite agreeable, and I was forced to admit that the outlook wasn't as dim as I had feared.

We were immediately set to work putting out docks, floats, canoes and rowboats, and in this manner time passed rapidly. Then, two days before the campers were due to arrive, we were exposed to a series of lectures concerning our duties. These were conducted by the Camp Director, an exuberant "boys' work" type who beamed toothily, addressed us as "fellows" and went on endlessly about molding young America.

Through his constant averals that little boys were a lovable and sacred trust, however, there ran a thread of steel. Grim references to discipline kept cropping up, and nonconformity, he

made clear, was next to Godlessness. A renegade camper, he said flatly, could always be traced to a weak-kneed counselor. Since I had learned that I was to be in charge of a cabin of eight 9-year-olds, I saw nothing disturbing in this. Surely eight small boys could hardly present any great problem.

The campers, 100 in number, were due to arrive on a Saturday morning. Each counselor was to be in his assigned cabin to meet his group, perform introductions and oversee unpacking and bunk making. The cabins were identified by the names of Indian tribes, and I was to be in charge of the Choctaws, a tribal group flanked by the Cherokees and Apaches.

About 10 o'clock my warriors started

continued

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A Nervous Counselor

straggling in, toiling up the path under mountains of duffel, dropping baseball gloves, mess kits and Tom Swift books to mark their trail. Awkward and sweating, they were a montage of freckles, knobby knees and rumpled hair. Introductions were accompanied by toe scuffing and muttered acknowledgments, and everything seemed reasonably expectable until the eighth and last Choctaw appeared upon the scene.

The smallest of the group, he stood in the cabin doorway, calm and unsmiling. He was short and pudgy and he squinted. His haggard shorts revealed that he was remarkably knock-kneed. In addition, he had a small potbelly which protruded comfortably. All this, coupled with a grave poise, gave him the appearance of premature middle age. He inclined his head, considered me for a moment and said mildly, "I'm George Jones."

I remember George

Memory today is unreliable where the rest of the Choctaws are concerned. Names have slipped away and faces have grown dim. But George I remember with unsettling clearness (the boy, that is; George was not really his name). Indeed, now the whole summer seems to have been a mildly insane *passé de deux* that he and I executed together while the others hovered in the background like a crowd of extras.

On that first day George was a decided asset in starting the social ball rolling. While the others were shyly mute, George was lively as an old lady as he busied himself with his unpacking. At first the rest seemed stunned by his loquacity, but soon, apparently unwilling to grant him a conversational monopoly, they were all chattering away.

That evening, while the Choctaws were preparing for bed, George dealt the first of a summer-long series of blows. He was struggling into striped flannel pajamas when he suggested to the tribe at large that it would be a good idea if we all arose at dawn and went fishing. In an instant I was surrounded by small fry enthusiastically seconding the motion. I was still trying to establish the fact that there were rules about such things when taps sounded. I seized the opportunity to hustle everyone into bed and sprinted through a brief prayer, letting the fishing proposal get lost in the process.

Shortly after daybreak the next morning, George shook me awake to announce

that "the other guys" were ready to go fishing. A look around revealed that "the other guys" were sound asleep and that only George was burning with the Isaac Walton fever. I ordered him back to his bunk and he complied cheerfully, only pausing en route to awaken two of the others to inform them that the fishing trip was off. Instantly the cabin was alive with supplicants, all clamoring for action. Moments later the Choctaws, with me at their head, were slipping down the path to the lake single file. George brought up the rear with the smug air of one disapproving faintly but willing to go along for the sake of sociability.

Early rising was, I discovered, a custom with George. He awakened me regularly at about 5:30 to propose baseball or boating, or merely to ask a question that couldn't wait. He usually managed to awaken the others at the same time and invite them to such an extent that the Director finally spoke sharply to me about suppressing disorder.

The Choctaws were indefatigable in their athletic fervor. They rushed madly from swimming to baseball to volleyball, and then cooled off by rowing erratically around the lake. Such physical frenzy was not for George, though. He was a born spectator. He was, of course, on hand for everything, and his was one of the loudest voices raised in debate or in discussion. He rarely took part in the more violent forms of exercise, but he was very active in the fields of exhortation and criticism.

In the matter of actual athletic participation, George's sole interest lay in swimming. He couldn't swim, but above all things he wanted to learn. The rest of the waterfront staff was more than willing to acknowledge George as solely my responsibility, so each morning during Beginner's Swim, George and I would risk ourselves into gooseflesh in shallow water.

His coordination was poor and his natural floating ability, despite his corpulence, approximated that of a fluteron. It was with extreme difficulty that he mustered the dead man's float, a preliminary maneuver that involved floating downward with the arms stretched over the head. George would squinch his eyes shut and launch himself forward, face down. Within a yard or two he would come to a halt, yawning drunkenly like a derelict hulk. As he commenced to sink I would haul him to his feet, where-

continued



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A Nervous Counselor *continued*

upon he would say with obvious relief, "That was a pretty good dead man's float, huh? How far did I go?"

Eventually we reached the point where George flailed the water with his arms and performed something vaguely like the flutter kick. I couldn't teach him to turn his head to breathe, so his convulsive twitchings only postponed briefly the instant when he would begin to sink. None of his own ineptitude, however, seemed to register upon George. Despite any evidence to the contrary, he became convinced that he swam very well, and argument with him was useless.

Ready for George

During regular swimming periods it was my duty to perch on a rickety life-saving tower situated halfway between the end of the pier and float. I was supposed to sit there alertly, poised to take action in the event of emergency. One morning, following the usual swim period, I was sunning myself on my tower when I noticed a counselor shoving off from shore in a rowboat. George was squatting happily in the stern, having wheeled a ride from the counselor, who was on his way out to repair the diving board on the float. George gave me a casual wave as they passed me, and I watched idly as they disembarked. The counselor started to work on the diving board while George strolled to the edge of the float and stood peering intently into the water.

"Hey, watch me," he called suddenly. "I'm going to swim in to the pier."

Before I could move or shout, he had thrown himself headlong into the water in what he imagined was a dive. The instant he hit, he commenced his frenetic thrashings, but even as I stood up he began to sink in 12 feet of water.

The other counselor and I reached George simultaneously. He was in his dead man's float position about four feet off the lake bottom, earnestly flailing out with arms and legs. He seemed oblivious to the fact that there was more water over him than under him. We both grabbed him and shot to the surface. Together we thrust him, choking and gagging, onto the float. By the time I was on the float beside him, he had coughed up a pint or two of water and was on his feet. I was both frightened and angry, but George was calm. He exhaled a long and gusty breath, squinted against the sun and said thoughtfully,

"The water's kinda cold today, I believe I'll wait and go back in the boat."

Apart from our daily swimming lesson, I didn't see much of George in the mornings. I was on duty at the water-front while he busied himself at leathercraft, nature lore or some of the other scheduled activities. Reports reached me from time to time, however, concerning his progress. The nature lore instructor informed me that there was something "uncanny" about George's ability to sight unusual birds during bird walks, particularly when others saw nothing more exciting than an occasional blue-jay. Knowing George, I privately felt that "uncanny" wasn't the word at all.

As George pursued his appointed rounds, he bustled along with a dedicated air. Like many of the dedicated, he had an extremely casual attitude toward the matter of dress; his shorts hung droopily beneath a shockingly dirty shirt and his hair looked as though something were nesting in it. His raffish appearance weighed so heavily upon the Director that it served as an excuse for a series of unpleasant conferences with me.

The Director was in the habit of holding Counselor Evaluation discussions in which he met with each counselor for a session of soul-searching and criticism. In any case, these discussions always centered around George. The Director seemed to find it difficult, if not impossible, to think of George as a lovable and sacred trust.

Invariably he brought up the fact that George was a disruptive influence at the Saturday night Council Fire. This was a pet project of the Director and an integral part of the camp's Indian motif. Each Saturday evening, as soon as it was dark, we would all trapse off into the woods, clad only in breech cloths and feathers, to sit around a mosquito-situated campfire. There was a fire-lighting ceremony, invocations to the Great Spirit, and then the serious business of discussing "Things Done for the Good of the Camp," "Things Seen and Heard of Interest" and similar highjinks. After each contribution the assembled warriors indicated approval with Indian grunts of "How, How." With considerable asperity, the Director said that George's "How's" were unnecessarily loud and frequent. As a matter of fact, George did sound like a coyote in a trap as he yowped away enthusiastically at every pause. Furthermore, said the Director,

continued

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A Nervous Counselor continued

George's contributions to "Things Done for the Good of the Camp" usually took the form of a filibuster featuring the good deeds of G. Jones. Summed up, it named out that George's unorthodox approach to camping, untidiness and overall nonconformity were keeping my Leadership Efficiency rating in the neighborhood of zero. I tried several times to discuss this with George, but he assured me that he personally rated me very highly as a counselor, so there the matter stood.

I always looked forward to evening with George. Dusk and he settled down at about the same time and then it was that his languid period set in. After supper most campers raced around to use up the unexpended balance of their energies, but George's chief pleasure was to talk me into taking him for a canoe ride. The crowning effect was for me to sing to him as I paddled. His favorite number was *Twilight on the Trail*, a mournful piece made popular by Bing Crosby. We would glide along, George lying back with his eyes half shut, one hand trailing in the water, the other vaguely waving time. After a bit we would drift in silence. Then George would break the quiet with a remark which made up in appeal for what it lacked in accuracy.

"You have a lovely voice. Just lovely," he would say.

George discovers snakes

Toward the end of the summer George discovered that he had an affinity for snakes. The nature lore instructor, a privacy type with a dismally high Leadership Efficiency rating, captured a couple of dozen harmless specimens and installed them in a snake pit that he had built. He gave endless lectures on them and announced that he was taking them back to the city after camp where they would be available for study all winter at the YMCA. His pride in ownership of these lethargic reptiles knew no bounds.

It was exactly the sort of thing calculated to fetch George. For hours on end he would sprawl at the edge of the snake pit while he and the snakes regarded each other unblinkingly. No longer did he awaken me to steady fishing; instead, he perched on the edge of my bunk by dawn's early light and talked of snakes. Even his bunkmates tired of George's never-ending accounts of the excitement prevalent at the snake pit.

The camp season ended on a Saturday, with the campers scheduled to leave for home in the morning. After breakfast I hurried to the cabin for a check on baggage and a last search for missing sneakers and towels. The Choctaws were milling around, pledging eternal allegiance to one another and promising to keep in touch. I noticed that George wasn't present, but someone volunteered the information that he was saying goodbye to the snakes, so I dismissed the matter.

A few minutes later, while trying to determine the ownership of a leftover bathing suit, I heard myself being paged in an angry bellow. Before the fact could register, the nature lore instructor exploded through the door with a violence that drove the seven Choctaws to the far end of the cabin like a huddle of frightened sheep. Through his spluttering rage I was finally able to grasp the gist of the crisis. George, it appeared, had gotten into the snake pit and released all the snakes. His voice rising almost to a howl, the nature lore instructor informed me that the best collection of snakes in New England was now scattered all over the state of New Hampshire.

This information was still ringing through the cabin when George appeared promptly in the doorway. Before the nature lore instructor could make more than a convulsive start toward him, I pulled George to my side.

"Why, by the honor of the Choctaws, I demanded, had he done such a thing?"

The look he turned up to me was the same bland one that had marked our first meeting eight weeks earlier. His tone was the patient and reasonable one used to explain the obvious to a child.

"Everyone else was going home and the snakes looked lonesome, so I turned them loose," he said.

George was the last of the Choctaws to clamber aboard the bus for home. He passed on the step and turned to face me. The ingenuous warmth of his smile caught at something in my chest.

"Hey, we sure had fun, didn't we?" he said.

"We sure did, George," I agreed.

As I turned away from George, I saw the Director standing near by, regarding me narrowly. He was listening to the nature lore instructor, who was speaking earnestly to him. I nodded briskly to them both and hurried away, trying to look as though I had pressing business elsewhere.

END



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**Average Issue Professional—Managerial Audience
By Job Title: Top Management**

(continued from front flap of this insert)

In readership at the top management level, SI ranks the closest possible second to *U.S. News and World Report*, and enjoys a distinct margin over the other two.

**U. S. Total
2,287**

	Number (000)	Number Per 100 Copies	C/M
U. S. News	384	31	19.40
SI	314	30	22.93
Newsweek	415	26	22.29
Time	697	24	23.15

**Average Issue Professional—Managerial Audience
By Job Title: Top Management
Income: \$15,000 & Over**

In readership at the top management level where incomes are \$15,000 or more, SI leads in numbers of such managers reached per copy.

**U. S. Total
800**

	Number (000)	Number Per 100 Copies	C/M
SI	142	14	50.70
U. S. News	165	13	45.15
Time	298	10	54.14
Newsweek	158	10	58.54

**Average Issue Professional—Managerial Audience
By Industry: Industrial
By Job Title: Top Management**

Finally, if you compare reach of top management within *industry* (excluding wholesale, retail, professional and business services and government), SI ranks favorably among the newsweeklies—tied for first place in number reached per 100 copies.

**U. S. Total
859**

	Number (000)	Number Per 100 Copies	C/M
SI	135	13	53.33
U. S. News	169	13	44.08
Time	357	12	45.20
Newsweek	167	11	55.39

If you take what is popularly considered to be the other side of the advertising coin, CONSUMER advertising, and compare SI with three magazines which are thought of as "consumer books," SI can again make a clear case for itself.

Advertisers in certain categories often compare SI, *Playboy*, *Esquire* and *Holiday* as to their suitability for consumer products.



In total households reached (those where there is at least one adult reader), SI outranks the other magazines not only in the number of households reached, but also generates considerably more households per copy at a much lower cost per thousand.

Total Households

	U. S. Total 56,146		
	Number (000)	Number Per 100 Copies	C/M
SI	4,297	410	\$1.68
Esquire	2,660	344	2.61
Holiday	2,437	275	2.82
Playboy	3,886	230	2.57

But when you're discussing selective magazines, why not discuss households in a selective manner? When you look at households reached by these four magazines where incomes are in excess of \$10,000 a year, you find that although *Playboy* delivers about 70% more circulation than SI, it can deliver only half the households per copy.

Total Households \$10,000 & Over

	U. S. Total 9,899		
	Number (000)	Number Per 100 Copies	C/M
SI	1,479	141	\$4.87
Holiday	952	107	7.21
Esquire	804	104	8.64
Playboy	1,172	70	8.51

When these magazines are placed as to their ability to reach the college-educated market—adult males who have graduated from college—SI again reaches many more per 100 copies, at twice the rate of *Playboy* and *Holiday* and quite a bit better than *Esquire*, and at a far better cost per thousand.

Adult Male Audience Graduated College

	U. S. Total 6,445		
	Number (000)	Number Per 100 Copies	C/M
SI	1,054	101	\$6.83
Esquire	536	69	12.97
Playboy	941	56	10.60
Holiday	450	51	15.26

All computations by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

In these sets of tables, we have shown SI's ranking among newsweeklies and vis à vis three selective magazines which carry a preponderance of consumer advertising. In both cases, SI measures more than favorably. Both sets of tables show clearly what many of America's leading advertisers know: that SI has attracted a superb audience, of unique value to corporate and consumer advertisers alike.

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